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Looking Forward

A LITTLE while since, we spoke of the sharp cleavage existing between the two philosophies of life which underly the argument on prohibition. We are reminded of it again by the letters we have been receiving lately, threatening a new prohibition campaign—this time against tobacco.

THE BASIC QUESTION, fairly faced, comes down to a choice between two ways of conducting one's relationships in life. Do you believe that, after maturity, the responsibility for other people's lives—people who are also mature—devolves upon you? Is it your trust? Or do you believe that each individual must work out his own life, so far as possible, without hindrance or instruction from any other human being? Do you conceive it your duty to lead or force people to your way of thinking—or at least to set them an example? Or is it a sin to you to interfere with the freedom of another individual unless he be an actual menace to society?

THERE are dangers in either philosophy, socially, when carried too far. There are genuine arguments upon both sides. Which, nevertheless, do you believe and act upon, logically, consistently and to a reasonable length? Which belief motivates your life and your actions? Which underlies your ethics?

IT IS EASY to call the believers in one philosophy egotistical and fanatical, or—forgetting that sincerity in such a belief often means a hard and, to the believer, an unselfish life—to view them as pompous and conceited. It is easy, also, to view the believers in the other philosophy as self-centered and excessively individualistic—losing sight of the fact that to love one's fellows enough to allow them to seek happiness their own way takes strength of character and understanding and unselfishness.

LEAVING ASIDE all criticism, however, it is clear that the future of this country, individually and socially speaking, depends upon the number of followers each belief can muster.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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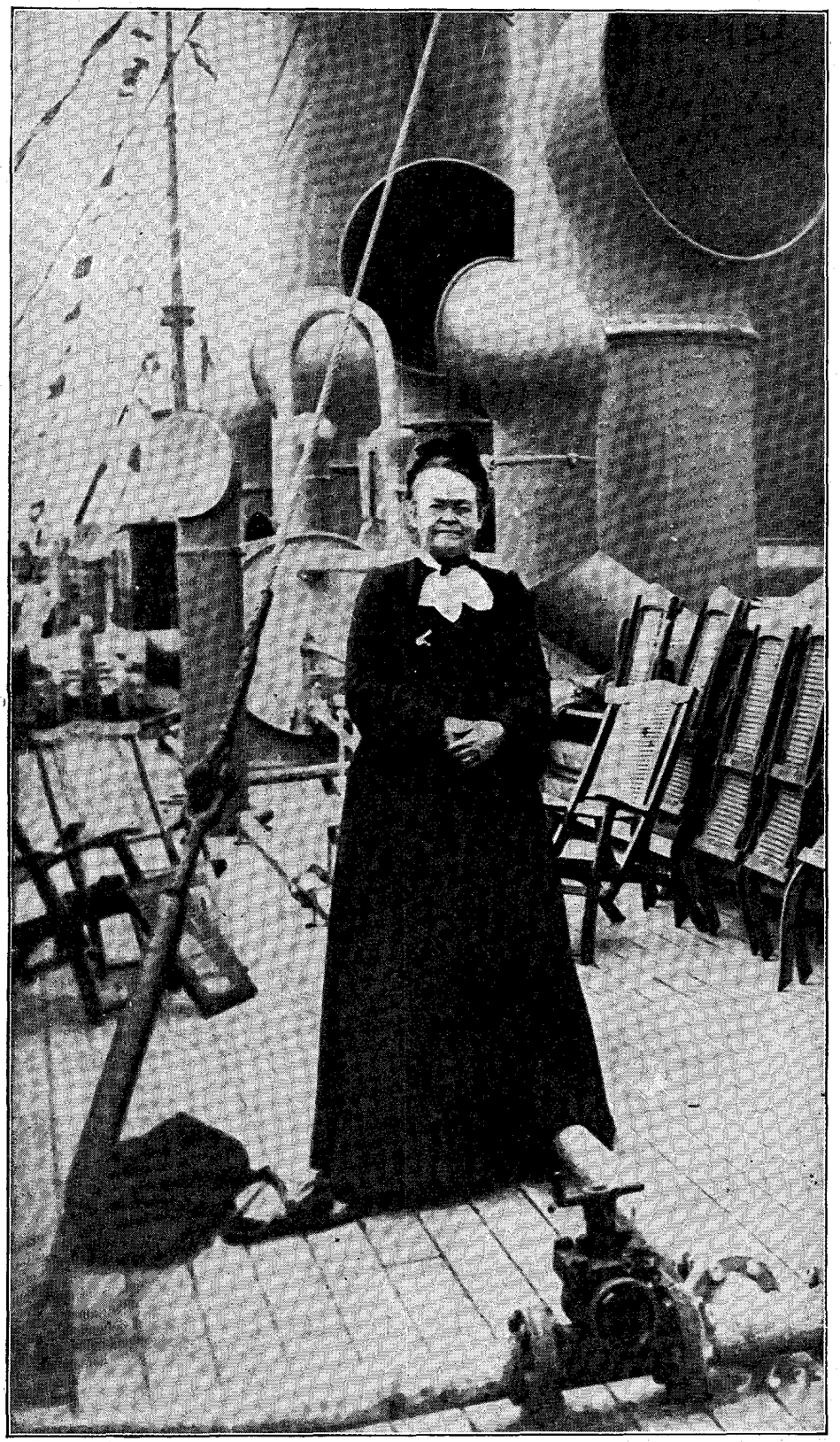

Underwood

CARRY NATION

When she sailed for Europe on the steamship Columbia in 1908

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Outlook
and Independent
July 17, 1929

The Background of a Crusader

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

The story now beginning is more than an immensely entertaining account of the life and works of the woman who smashed the saloon in the broadest sense of the word. Carry Nation prepared the way, far beyond the efforts of any group or individual, for the Eighteenth Amendment. She was moved to take up the hatchet for intensely personal reasons, one of which was entirely beyond her control. Thus, her story has a two-fold interest: it is a history of prohibition and a study of the psychology of reform. Mr. Asbury is the author of "Up From Methodism," a biography of his distinguished ancestor, Bishop Francis Asbury, and other books

THERE was nothing obscure or mysterious about the development of Carry Nation's career and her transformation from a commonplace young woman of unusual meekness and self-effacement into the most industrious reformer that even the Middle West has ever produced. She followed the well-beaten trail of mental instability and extravagant religious zeal, and she was urged onward, and from her viewpoint upward, by a deep-rooted persecution mania and a highly developed scapegoat complex. In common with many other fervent religionists whose enthusiasms and cravings for eternal glory have been translated into action, she believed herself to be a confidant of the Lord, and to possess a thorough knowledge of the divine plans and purposes. She discerned the hand of God in the economic hardships and marital unhappiness of her early years, and she was convinced that the Lord had chosen her to be a martyr to the cause of prohibitory enactments, not only against liquor and the saloon, but tobacco and fraternal orders, especially Masonry, as well; and everything else that in her jumbled theology could be classified as sinful. She was likewise persuaded that she was the appointed guardian and saviour of the American home, and invariably signed herself "Your Loving Home Defender."

For the most part Carry Nation confined her destructive attentions to saloon and other rum-selling establishments (she destroyed no fewer than twenty such places with hatchets and iron bars, and her inspired followers accounted for at least twice that many more), but there was scarcely any phase of human activity into which she did not poke her disapproving nose.

"I never saw anything that needed rebuke, exhortation or warning," she wrote in her autobiography, "but that I felt it my duty to meddle with it."

AND MEDDLE she did, indeed; if not with her good right arm, then with her lashing tongue. She was unquestionably peculiar, but there were sound reasons for her peculiarities, the most dominating of which was probably the well-defined strain of madness which pursued its course through the distaff side of her family. Her grandmother, as well as an uncle and an aunt and several of the latters' children, were victims of hereditary mental weakness; her mother was obsessed for years by the splendid delusion that she was Queen Victoria, dying at length in an insane asylum. Carry Nation's daughter, weakened mentally and physically by excessive child-bearing, was at length confined in a private asylum; and Carry Nation herself, in her childhood, was afflicted with periods of fearful depression, and with spasms and convulsions which she ascribed to "consumption of the bowels." During her middle life there were long periods in which she suffered an almost complete loss of memory, and in her sixty-fifth year her mind failed entirely. She died at the Evergreen Hospital, Leavenworth, Kansas, of an ailment of the nervous system. According to newspaper dispatches, she died of paresis, but the owner of the hospital, as quoted in a letter to the author from J. E. Voorhees, county clerk of Leavenworth County, ascribed her death to "nervous trouble due to her unusual activities causing a weakening of the heart." If Carry Nation had paresis, the infection from which it developed was probably congenital, for her morals were beyond reproach.

It was a not unusual combination of circumstances that caused Carry Nation to pour the vials of her hatred particularly upon the saloon, tobacco and Masonry. Her first husband was a heavy drinker, a smoker, and a Mason. She loved him to distraction, but he made her desperately unhappy, and she was soon convinced that his fellow Masons were largely responsible for and encouraged his addiction to alcohol and tobacco; for they drank with him, and when he went on sprees they hid him away in their lodge rooms, while Carry Nation scurried frantically about searching for him. They had been

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married only a few months when she was compelled to leave him, and six months after the birth of their afflicted child he died a drunkard's death. Her mind was unable to withstand the shock of so much misery, and the hardships which followed, and continual brooding over a long period at length brought her to the unalterable belief that most of the sorrows of the world were due to the saloon. From that conviction it was but a step to the obsession that she was called of God to destroy the institution with her own hands. And without Carry Nation and the tremendous furor that she aroused, the anti-liquor agitation might conceivably have reached an entirely different conclusion. America might even have had temperance and a rational solution of the problem, instead of the present welter of speakeasies, wholesale corruption, and murderous bootleggers and enforcement agents. Even the most cursory examination of Carry Nation's career is sufficient to show that she gave direction and increased impetus to the movement; that she, more than any other one person, transformed it from an apologetic weakling into a militant giant of overwhelming power; and that the prohibitionists are vastly indebted to her for their final legal, if not actual, success.

CARRY NATION'S most important contribution to Prohibition was not the score of wrecked barrooms that she left in the wake of her flashing hatchet, but the avalanche of publicity which accompanied every phase of her crusade, and which for more than ten years poured unceasingly upon the saloonkeeper, the brewer, and the distiller. She attracted attention to the saloon as no one had ever done before; and it could not have been otherwise than harmful, for it was directed, not to the companionship and good cheer to be found in many barrooms, but to the crime that originated in them, to the corruption in which they weltered, and to the misery and poverty that followed unrestricted drinking. Moreover, this stream of notoriety swept over the liquor traffic at the very time when it could least afford to be thrust prominently into the limelight. For when Carry Nation began her crusade in 1900, the American saloon, not only in prohibition territory but in the states where it was a legitimate business enterprise, was regarded even by thousands of non-Prohibitionists as an abomination and a public disgrace, and there was discernible everywhere a rising tide of resentment against its obvious evils. Breweries and distilleries financed a majority of the barrooms, and proffered aid to any man who wished to open an establishment, without considering local conditions or investigating the fitness of the applicant; they were blind to everything save the profits of the moment, and imposed no restrictions except the exclusive sale of their product. With almost unbelievable fatuity they professed to regard beer and whisky as prime necessities of civilization, and the liquor traffic as the financial bulwark of the nation. Instead of recognizing the precarious nature of their trade, the liquor barons were arrogant and belligerent. They meddled openly and offensively in local problems and affairs that in nowise concerned them; they brazenly maintained legislative lobbies, and bribed state, county and municipal officials; they poured gold into the coffers of the political parties with scant effort at concealment.

The dignity that had been the saloonkeeper's most pronounced characteristic during the twenty or thirty years that followed the Civil War, had vanished by the middle eighteen nineties, and in the main he conducted his barroom with no regard for public decency, and without protest permitted his premises to become the loafing place of criminals and the most degenerate elements of the population. He might have retained at least a measure of public good-will by obeying such regulatory laws as Sunday closing and the sale of liquor to minors and known drunkards, but he openly violated them with the connivance of corrupt policemen and politicians. Instead of keeping to the side streets and conducting his business with a minimum of ostentation, the saloonkeeper insolently acquired the best corner of the principal thoroughfare and opened wide his doors; everything that transpired within was a matter of common knowledge, and to thousands a source of continual irritation, humiliation and disgust.

The iniquities of the saloon were more apparent in the rural districts, for in the cities a drunken man might pass unobserved, whereas in the smaller centers of population he was a public spectacle and a horrible example. And everyone knew, also, when a man neglected his family because of drink, and spent his substance in riotous living. In hundreds of American towns the buildings adjoining a saloon were either perpetually vacant or were occupied by barber shops, or by stores which catered exclusively to men; women could rarely be induced to trade within half a block of an open barroom. Nor would they pass one if they could otherwise reach their destinations, for the sidewalks were nearly always wet and slippery with stale beer; and the foul odors that seeped over and under the swinging doors, and the oaths and obscene language with which the ordinary drinking man interlarded his conversation, were offensive to most men, to say nothing of the fastidious ladies of the period. And on Saturday, when the farm hands came to town for their weekly sprees, the saloon areas were asprawl with drunken men who made the night hideous with their howling and cursing, and the streets were so unsafe that in thousands of towns women were rarely seen abroad after dusk.

THE SALOON-KEEPER was busily digging his own grave in the eighteen nineties and the early years of the present century, and his idiotic business methods were simply a plea for more picks and shovels. About all that was needed to complete his downfall was the wave of public indignation which Carry Nation provoked at an auspicious moment, for it inspired the temperance hosts to bellicose thinking and talking about the liquor traffic; it compelled almost immediately a noticeable tightening of law enforcement, especially throughout the Middle West where the excitement was most intense; and it was responsible for the passage of many new and stringent regulatory statutes. It was this wave that enabled the Anti-Saloon League to become a

Author's Note

I have invented none of the dialogue in this book. All statements attributed to Carry Nation, or to any one else, are from her own autobiography and other writings; from court and prison records; from letters, interviews and accounts of her activities published in magazines and newspapers during her lifetime; or, in a few instances, from the recollections of persons who knew her and saw her in action.

Carry Nation's maiden name was Moore, and that of her first husband was Gloyd, but it was after she had married David Nation that she became famous. To avoid confusion I have called her Carry Nation throughout.

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dominant political power in the United States, and on its crest the prohibitionists rode to victory.

Carry Nation was born on a farm in Garrard county, central Kentucky, on November 25, 1846, in a rambling ten-room house of hewn logs, weather-boarded and plastered, which sprawled its ungainly bulk within the shadow of the mighty cliffs that towered high above the swirling current of Dick's River. Nine of the ten rooms were on the ground floor, and one of them was that rural holy of holies—the parlor. In accordance with the prevailing custom of the frontier, which survives to this day in country districts throughout the United States, the parlor was kept closed and darkened; members of the family never ventured across the threshold, and the doors were opened and the shades raised only upon occasions of the utmost importance. Sunlight filtered painfully into its musty and gloomy interior when the minister called, and Carry Nation, her parents, and her brothers and sister sat stiffly erect while the oracle, comfortably enconced in a rocking chair, expounded the law and the gospels. Again, the doors were flung wide when the angel of death smote the household, for it was in the parlor that the corpse lay in a black coffin upon wooden trestles, while relatives filed by and tortured themselves with frequent looks at the deceased; and sympathetic neighbors maintained silent vigil at the head of the casket, "sitting up with the corpse." The parlor was a place of horror and fascination, but only when escorted by an adult was Carry Nation permitted to invade its sacred precincts and gape at its wonders.

But she had free access to the family cemetery, which occupied a garden corner behind the house; and there she played for hours about the flat marble gravestones, or lay prone upon the mounds striving with morbid curiosity to glimpse the dead bodies beneath the sod. They were projected much more vividly upon her mind when a physician kindly showed her at the age of five, a skeleton, and the leeches which he used in bleeding his patients. Nor were there any restrictions upon her intercourse with the score of slaves who were chief among her father's possessions. During the formative years of early childhood her training was almost entirely in the hands of the negroes, and she was almost ten years old before she ate at "white folks' table." She followed the negro men in the fields and about the stables, and herself operated a tiny spinning wheel in the Long House where the slave women spun and wove. At night she sat and ate with them around the fires in their cabins, imbibing their superstitions and listening in frightened rapture to their ghost stories and circumstantial accounts of a Satan hoofed and horned. "I would listen until my teeth would chatter fright," she wrote, "and would shiver more and more as they would tell of the sights in graveyards, the spirits of tyrannical masters, walking at night, with their chains clanking; and the sights of hell, where some would be on gridirons, some hung up to baste, and the devil with his pitchfork would toss the poor creatures hither and thither."

Carry Nation's father was George Moore, a native of Garrard county and a descendant of an Irish pioneer who built a blockhouse on the site of the present town of Crab Orchard, not far from Carry Nation's birthplace, where the hunters and trappers formed in companies for the dangerous journeys to Lexington and other large settlements. Until the Civil War swept away his possessions, Moore was a prosperous stock trader, planter and slave-holder; but he was a rover, and before Carry Nation was sixteen years old she had lived in a dozen counties of Kentucky, Missouri and Texas. A man of little learning, when his daughter was born, George Moore wrote her name in the family Bible as "Carry," and she was so christened. Her middle name was Amelia. So long as she was Carry Amelia Moore, and later Carry Amelia Gloyd, her name was a matter of no great importance; but when she began to achieve renown as Carry Nation she saw clearly that her father's unconventional spelling had in reality been one of the Lord's mysterious performances. "C. A. N. are the initials of my name," she wrote, "and then C. (see?) A. Nation! And, all together, Carry A. Nation! This is no accident, but Providence. This does not mean that I will carry a nation, but that the roused heart and conscience will, as I am the roused heart and conscience of the people."

For her father Carry Nation had a love that amounted almost to adoration. In her early childhood her secret ambition was to resemble him, and to that end she once attempted to file her teeth because his molars had been worn down by a lifetime of struggle with frontier cookery. "If I ever had an angel on earth," she wrote, "it was my father. I have met many men who had lovable characters, but none equalled him in my estimation. He was not a saint, but a man—one of the noblest works of God. He was impetuous, quick, impatient, but never nervous; he could collect himself in a moment and was always master of the situation. He was a thorough business man, but his social qualities exceeded all others. To the honor of my father be it said that he gave up all his property to pay his debts, never withholding, where he could have done so. I can see that a responsibility to God was the fundamental principle in my father's life."

In later years, while she was unsuccessfully operating a hotel in Texas, he visited her, and seeing her serve her customers he left his meal and began to wait on table also. Next morning he said to her:

"Daughter, I have not slept all night for thinking of you. The last thing last night was you in the kitchen, and the first thing this morning. I have always hoped to have something to leave you, and it is such a grief to me that I cannot help you. Carry, it seems the Lord has been so hard on you."

"No, Pa," she replied. "I thank God for my sorrows. They have been the best for me, and don't you worry about not leaving me any money. You have left me something far better."

"What is that, daughter?"

"The memory of a father who never did a dishonorable thing."

His eyes filled with tears, and he seemed much happier. He died some two years afterward, and with the first money that she earned as a temperance lecturer and theatre attraction, Carry Nation paid his debts.

Carry Nation's mother was Mary, daughter of James Campbell, a native of Virginia and a lineal descendant of an early Duke of Argyll. He is said also to have been related to General William Campbell, who married Patrick Henry's sister, and to Thomas Campbell, a famous religious leader who founded the church of the Disciples of Christ, better known as the Christian Church. Carry Nation was always proud of her noble blood, and occasionally when she raided a saloon she varied the monotony of her temperance songs

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by singing, "The Campbells are Coming." James Campbell worked as a carpenter in his youth, but in his latter years he was a man of considerable means, owning numerous slaves and many acres of rich farming land. Although he was a consistent church-goer and a Baptist deacon for many years, he does not appear to have been particularly religious. On the contrary, he had sporting proclivities, and was an enthusiastic huntsman.

JAMES CAMPBELL'S wife, who may have brought the strain of mental weakness into the family, was a Miss Bradshaw. Most of her adult life she was an invalid and rarely stirred from her room. She died before the scalp of a single saloon dangled from her celebrated granddaughter's belt. The first husband of her daughter Mary, Carry Nation's mother, was William Caldwell, who freed his slaves and removed to Illinois, where he died, leaving his wife and two small children. The children died at her father's home several years before she married George Moore, by whom she had six children. Her peculiarities, which in later years became so serious, probably began to develop soon after the birth of Carry Nation, for the latter's earliest recollections were of her mother playing the grand dame. For a long time Mrs. Moore was content to believe herself only a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of England, but as her ailment progressed she became convinced that she was in reality Queen Victoria, and her demeanor became increasingly regal. She wore handsome costumes of purple velvet, and a crown of crystal and cut glass, and members of her family were required to wait upon her with much ceremony; during her worst periods they were permitted to enter her presence only by appointment.

In obedience to the whims of her sick mind, her husband purchased for her private use a splendid carriage, rubber-tired and richly upholstered in plush, and a team of great dapple-gray horses, with silver-mounted harness. In this magnificent equipage Mrs. Moore was driven about the countryside by a coachman attired in a high silk hat and a uniform of black broadcloth trimmed in purple; and was followed by a small negro boy who opened gates and lowered bars. Outriders flanked her carriage, and when she went abroad on important errands a huge slave called Big Bill, clad in a scarlet hunting jacket, rode ahead with a trumpet, on which he blew mighty blasts to herald her coming. She was very talkative, and whenever she found it necessary to reprimand a slave or one of her children, she employed a rare flow of language, which was seemingly without beginning, middle or end. The hereditary transmission of this gift, and of the delusions of power and infallibility with which Carry Nation was certainly afflicted during the height of her saloon-smashing career, were Mrs. Moore's most important contributions to the character of her distinguished daughter, for she was always too busy with her own grand hallucination to provide much parental supervision. On August 12, 1890, she was admitted to the State Hospital for the Insane at Nevada, Missouri, where she died of heart disease on September 24, 1893. The records of the institution give the diagnosis of her ailment as "recurrent mania," and show that her mother, brother and sister were also insane.

When Carry Nation was about six years old, her father sold his Garrard county property and removed with his family and slaves to Boyle county, about two miles from Danville, an important horse mart and the site of Center College. A year later the Moores again took to the road, and stopped in Woodford county, Kentucky, buying a farm on the pike between Midway and Versailles. At Midway, Carry Nation received her first secular schooling, and also attended a Sunday School for the first time.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL of which she was a member was for white children, but when she went to regular church services, in conformity with a custom of the times, she usually sat with the negroes in the gallery reserved for them. She also attended their prayer meetings and other religious exercises, and dizzily followed them through the mazes of their weird theology. She was tremendously impressed with their singing, shouting and inspired gambling. Her favorite religious song was "Let Us Sit Down and Chat With the Angels," and the possibilities of the idea were so fascinating that long before she reached her 'teens and had visions which she knew definitely were of the Lord, it was her custom to sit beneath a tree, or if possible upon a grave, and herself hold converse with the divine messengers. "The negroes told me that no one could help shouting," she wrote. "I did not wish the spirit to cause me to jump up and clap my hands that way, for these impulses were not in my carnal heart; so, for fear I should be compelled to do so, I held my dress down tight to the seat on each side, to prevent me from jumping up. But I would often blush with shame when committing sins, and I had a great fear of the judgment; it would terrify me to hear that Jesus was coming to the earth. I would often ask myself, 'where can I hide?'"

SHE HAD ample cause for blushing with shame and wishing to hide from Jesus! For in common with many other great moral conquerors whose crusades have so profoundly affected their own and succeeding generations, she knew the ways of evil, and as a child she trod the shining paths of sin. She was untruthful, sly and dishonest. She frequently lied to her mother to avoid restraint and to escape punishment, and if there was anything about the house that she wanted and was forbidden to have, she simply stole it, and invented fantastic yarns to account for its disappearance. When she visited her aunts and her grandfather, she stealthily opened their boxes and bureau drawers, and took therefrom perfumery, powder, money and, especially, silks, ribbons, and laces, which she made into clothes for her dolls. In her headlong dash to a felon's doom she was encouraged by the slaves, and particularly by her nurse, Betsy, who often dispatched her to steal sugar, butter, needles and thread, and other articles from the household supplies.

In addition to these criminal propensities, which she frequently described in detail because "so many little children may be doing what I did, not knowing what a serious thing it is," she was wilful, stubborn, hard-headed, and so "sot in her ways" that she was practically immovable, even by repeated scoldings and spankings. Moreover, even as a child she was meddlesome and dictatorial; when she found other children at play she insisted upon directing their enterprises and altering their schemes to conform to her own notions; and when a mock funeral was held over a defunct bird, cat or mouse it was Carry Nation who planned the ceremony and mimicked the preacher. She was subject even in her earliest childhood to moods of depression, and was desperately unhappy at a period when the normal child is bright and

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gay. In later years she recalled that "I would often have been willing to have died, if I had thought it would have been an eternal sleep." But when thoughts of death assailed her she was more than ever afraid and miserable, for she feared that the negroes and the preachers might be correct about the Judgment Day, and that when the final reckoning was made and she stood shivering in her shroud before the Lord, she would be adjudged an abandoned and hopeless sinner, and consigned forthwith to the blazing torments of hell.

The flow of Carry Nation's spiritual life was thus at a very low ebb when in 1855, at the age of nine years, she removed with her parents to Belton, in Cass county, Missouri, where some ten years later occurred the great emotional tragedy of her life. Part of the trip from Kentucky was made by boat, and she contracted a heavy cold from which developed the disease that she described as "consumption of the bowels," but which was more probably a serious intestinal and digestive disturbance, aggravated by nervousness and her ingrown habit of moody and depressive introspection. She was very ill for almost a year, and during that period every one who saw her, from her mother and the minister down to the meanest of the slaves, solemnly discussed her sins and her chance of salvation. Even her father, who, although a member of the Christian or Disciples Church and a frequent attendant upon the services, had not hitherto been particularly devout, became concerned for her future, and warned her that she had best prepare her soul for a possible flight to heaven. So it was that while she lay ill, with the wings of the angel of death whirring above her, she began to realize the enormity of her sins and experience twinges of remorse.

AFTER a few weeks in bed the sick child went by carriage to Sunday school, for the first time since her arrival in Missouri, and there the minister gave her a small book which said that one who stole little things was just as much a thief as one who took something of great value. Various small articles were mentioned, and it so happened that that they were exactly what Carry Nation had been stealing. "I was greatly shocked to find myself a thief," she wrote. "It had never occurred to me that I was as bad as that. My repentance was sincere, and I was made honest by this blessed book, so much so that even after I became grown, if any article was left in my house I would give it away, unless I could find the owner." But although she was now cured of stealing she was still selfish, and she wept and worried over this flaw in her character until the minister again came to her rescue. He gave her a book called "The Children of the Heavenly King," which told the story of three boys who were entrusted with the task of guarding a mountain pass while a good king waged war against another monarch whose sins were fearful to contemplate. The youngest of these lads, Ezra, possessed an extraordinarily sweet and unselfish disposition, and he performed the duties which his brothers neglected. So when the good king, in the natural course of events, was victorious, little Ezra was richly rewarded, while his brothers were cast into dungeons. "I resolved to be like little Ezra as nearly as I could," wrote Carry Nation, "and I would often give away my doll clothes and other things that I wanted to keep myself."

HAVING conquered the sins of dishonesty and selfishness (the minister did not try to cure stubbornness and hard-headedness), Carry's physical condition began to improve, and a few weeks after her tenth birthday she was able to accompany her father to the Christian Church at Hickman's Mill, a few miles away in Jackson county, Missouri, where a protracted meeting was in progress. During the sermon the youthful and impressionable Carry felt curiously uplifted by the magic words of the minister, a gray-haired veteran of a hundred revivals, and she was conscious of a strange exaltation as she listened to the throbbing music of the hymns. When converts were called for after the services she began to weep, whereupon her father quickly stepped to the pulpit and spoke to the minister. The latter stopped his harangue and looked searchingly at the child, holding out his arms in invitation. Under his burning gaze and the wailing rhythm of the music, Carry Nation wept even more bitterly, and finally she felt a strange power clutch at her heart and impel her to step from her pew into the aisle. Her father and the preacher raised their voices in a shout of triumph, and the sick little girl went slowly forward and sank exhausted on the mourners' bench.

She had been converted.

The next day, with scant consideration for her illness, her father took her to a running stream about two miles from Hickman's Mill to be baptized. "I felt no fear," she wrote. "Although it was quite cold and there was some ice in the water. I know God will bless the ordinance of baptism, for the little Carry who walked into the water was quite different from the one who walked out. I said no word. I felt that I could not speak, for fear of disturbing the peace that passeth understanding. Kind hands wrapped me up and I felt no chill."

DURING the five years after her conversion and baptism Carry Nation was a semi-invalid, and for much of that time she was bed-ridden. She experienced a few brief periods of comparatively good health, but she was so weak that she was unable to participate in the normal activities of childhood; and with little to occupy either her mind or body her thoughts became increasingly depressing and introspective, and she turned more and more to the consolations of religion. She perused the Scriptures with such care and diligence that she was soon able to quote with an amazing facility, and could recite some of her favorite chapters from memory, a feat which assisted in the growth of her subsequent Messianic delusion. She also acquired a considerable local renown as a child preacher, and every Sunday it was her custom to gather the slaves into her father's dining-room and there, mounted on a table, expound the Gospels. When she was unable to leave her bed, she delivered her message from the midst of a heap of pillows. Frequently, after she had preached and fallen back spent and half-fainting, she soared high above the roof-tops into the clouds, and there beheld Jesus astride a white charger, holding aloft a golden sword. She generally took her text from Revelation.

The Civil War began in earnest when Carry Nation was fifteen years old, and fearing that Missouri would be the battlegrown of the contending armies, and already disheartened by the depredations of the border guerillas, George Moore loaded his belongings into a great train of ox-drawn wagons and set out for the South, driving his herds of cattle, mules and horses before him. The white members of the family rode in the elegant carriage in which Mrs. Moore had been accustomed to play

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Noble in Motive

A Portrait of the Honorable Seymour Lowman

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition Enforcement, judging from the newspapers the past few weeks, is one of the most important men in the country. Mr. Pringle pictures him as the latest prohibition goat, suffering from the circumstances under which the Hoover Administration came into being. In the Coolidge regime the job was rather different, but the victory for the drys in Mr. Hoover's election has made them insistent on action. At the time of going to press Mr. Lowman's resignation is prophesied daily. Mr. Pringle, one of the editors of The Outlook and Independent, is the author of "Alfred E. Smith: A Biography" and many magazine articles

IT IS preposterous that this inoffensive person, wearing sleeve-garters and high-topped brown shoes, can direct that only revolvers, and no longer shotguns, shall be used to kill and maim. Tall and muscular, with blue eyes and a fringe of white hair receding before advancing baldness, the Honorable Seymour Lowman exudes an air of rustic informality. He might be the manager of a properous rural store in some upstate village, or an attorney attending the session of court at the County Seat.

And yet, during the humid days of the June hot spell, he sat before a giant mahogany desk in the Treasury Department at Washington, and issued the commands for a new offensive against rum-running across the Canadian border. He gave orders and deployed his troops. Telephones rang, attendants bustled in with messages, buttons were pushed. Men were being rushed here, there, everywhere. The Washington correspondents called for news of the latest casualties, for official communiques of the war. To judge from the newspaper headlines the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition Enforcement was one of the most important men in the country.

Actually, of course, Mr. Lowman is merely the most recent prohibition goat; the latest of the many who have tried to enforce the Volstead Act, and in failing have become absurd or pitiable or contemptible. When things get too bad there will come the usual intimation from the White House, at first energetically denied, suggesting that his resignation will be most acceptable. To his intimates, particularly to the few who knew him back in Elmira, N. Y., he is a bucolic, friendly individual known as "Cy". To politicians seeking favors he is "Governor," in memory of his brief eminence as Lieutenant-Governor of New York or—if the favor is a major one—"Mr. Secretary." But to the world-at-large he is a ruthless functionary who sends his men out on the highways to kill innocent citizens.

There are even indications that he is a political rather than a moral religious dry. Unlike the once famous Roy Haynes, the particular favorite of the Anti-Saloon League, he does not believe that the Eighteenth Amendment was drafted by the Lord. He believes that it was conceived by the Republican Party; by the dry, Protestant, rural, Republicans who were his neighbors in Elmira. Indeed, there is some doubt that he formally signed the pledge in his youth.

"I've been a bone dry all my life," he said upon appointment to his present post in August, 1927, "but I am not going to be sensational in my methods."

A few weeks later, though, he drew the distinction between being a prohibitionist and a total abstainer. He had, then, taken a drink from time to time? Yes, admitted Mr. Lowman, when it was entirely legal to do so.

IT MIGHT be assumed that such a tolerant soul, hardly a bitter foe of mellow John Barleycorn in the past, would hesitate before endorsing prohibition agents and coast-guard men who shoot before they look. But Mr. Lowman, finding in his heart no great hostility toward drinking, also finds no indignation when the reports reach him of still more citizens, seemingly wholly innocent, who have been shot to death near the Canadian border. Apparently, Mr. Lowman has persuaded himself of the existence of international criminals who are seeking to undermine all law in the United States. Is a resident of Niagara Falls killed because he hurried on when rough-looking men in civilian clothing ordered him to halt on a lonely road? It is to be regretted, Mr. Lowman feels, but the agents must not be punished. Is a citizen of Northern Minnesota shot dead because he did not stop his car quickly enough? Too bad, too bad, but what was he doing on the road at 11:30 o'clock at night? Probably he was a bootlegger, although the automobile contained only his wife and two small children, and not a drop of liquor. The responsibility for the killings must rest upon the "international criminals" (as yet unidentified), and not on the stupid, arrogant and clumsy enforcement agents who are so reckless with their guns. Let the border be made impregnable with still more armed guards!

"Of course," Mr. Lowman murmurs when he thinks of the killing of Henry Virkula at International Falls, "I would not have shot when that agent did, and neither would you. After all, we can't get very good men for the salaries we pay. They are literal-minded fellows. They are instructed to stop suspicious cars, and they do. A higher type would be more careful, but we can't get them."

Only rarely, though, is Mr. Lowman thus shaken by apprehensions that his men are less than perfect. He is normally inclined to give them the benefit of every doubt, to discount newspaper accounts of dry killings because journals with "wet sympathies" distort the facts. He may warn his men that recklessness will not be tolerated, and that the Federal Government may decline to defend them if it is shown that they have been killing people without proper premeditation. In every important case it has developed, however, that the story of the agent was the true one, that there was ample justification, that the deceased should not have placed himself in the path of the revolver bullets or shotgun slugs. Mr. Lowman is emphatic in his declaration that there will be no disarming of customs guards, the border patrol, or the prohibition agents. Would the public ask that these servants of the State be subjected to the murderous attacks of the "international criminals"?

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The predicament in which the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury finds himself is due, in no small measure, to the circumstances under which the Hoover Administration came into being. A prohibition director under Mr. Coolidge was charged with drying up the country, it is true. But he lost no sleep over the knowledge that liquor was flooding in from Canada, or that huge stores of industrial alcohol were being diverted. Mr. Coolidge was a realist regarding prohibition. He was aware that nothing much could be done, and so he attempted nothing. Besides, he was elected in 1924 on the prosperity issue, and at a time when both major parties cried they were arid as Sahara.

With Mr. Hoover it is totally different. Whatever he may have meant by his cryptic description of the Eighteenth Amendment as "noble in motive" to be "worked out constructively," there is not the faintest doubt that his election was interpreted by the drys as a great victory. The mere fact that Al Smith was wet, and called for modification of the Volstead Act, made Mr. Hoover dry. Nor Mr. Lowman had not, I suspect, bargained for anything like this. His appointment two years ago had been a reward for past services, and the idea behind it was that most of the work would be done by some one else; probably by Dr. James M. Doran, the Prohibition Commissioner and the real executive head of the department.

EVERYTHING would have continued to run smoothly, with only an occasional indiscreet statement from Mr. Lowman to mar the tranquility, had it not been for this election which "settled the prohibition question." Instead, the drys clamored for new offensives against the bootleggers. The entire might of the government, they howled, was to be thrown against the rum-runner. Mr. Lowman found himself the spokesman for a department attempting to function in an impossible situation, and was blamed for everything. The logical position for him to have taken would have been to make no excuses at all for the shotguns, the revolver battles and the killings. He might have pointed out that this was really war, and that any atrocities are justified. He might have asked whether Washington was expected to make America dry by sending engraved requests that the rum-runners stay home. He did not do this, of course, because it would have been bad politics; and would have brought frantic rebukes from the White House. Instead, he wavered between defending his men and promising that they would be more careful.

The drys, themselves, have been far less squeamish. Soon after Election Day, they began to issue their statements, and no one expressed their position better than F. Scott McBride in an article in "Collier's Weekly:"

> We look forward to Mr. Hoover's Presidency. We expect that prohibition enforcement will reach its highest efficiency during the coming four years. We believe in Mr. Hoover, and believe he is wholly conscious of this mandate from the drys.
>
> We believe that if we are mistaken in this, if the high point in enforcement is not reached within the next four years, Mr. Hoover is going to be painfully embarrassed four years hence. And we, the Drys, will be painfully embarrassed, too. It will mean that we have been remiss or, perhaps, negligent.

"This is the greatest opportunity prohibition has ever had," added Dr. McBride soon after Inauguration Day, and then thirty-one dry organizations swarmed across the White House lawn to be photographed with their new champion, and to present him with a vellum-bound testimonial. Had not Mr. Hoover seen the light by enlarging the powers of his crime commission to include all violations of the law, and not merely prohibition? Doubtless many a leader assured himself that the prohibition angle would gradually be forgotten or obscured.

It seemed, indeed, a time of great moral awakening, with all the wet-Catholic-Al Smith Democrats plunged into the political despair they so merited. The passage of the Jones Law, making violations a felony punishable by five and ten years in prison, was jammed through the Lame Duck Congress without great difficulty, and signed by Mr. Coolidge. The appointment of William J. Donovan, a Catholic and therefore wet, was prevented. The day had certainly come when a rebellious minority was to be warned that there was yet a dry law in the land, when Mr. Lowman would have ample men and funds, when prohibition was to be enforced throughout the land (except in the wet, seaboard cities which are not really American anyway).

Were the religious and reform leaders of America its actual governing class—that is to say, if the McBrides and the Cannons and the Wilsons were actually in office in Washington—it would be true that nothing remained except to apply the screws. There is, however, a vital distinction between control by the moral forces (even though that control is momentarily complete) and government at their hands. The dry leaders, in short, must still work through the politicians. No prohibitionist can cast a vote for an enforcement bill; he can merely order a number of his Congressmen to do so. This has been adequate in the past, for the prohibitionist has owned plenty of the men who sit on Capitol Hill. But the trouble with Congressmen, as with Republican delegates from the South at a national convention, is that they do not "stay bought." Sometimes forces arise which prove more powerful than the reformers. And it now would seem that various incidents touching upon prohibition, all of them since the elevation of Mr. Hoover, may constitute the raw material upon which these forces feed. They are, at all events, causing serious concern in the prohibition ranks. The politicians, always eager to sense the wind, may find it wise to declare their independence of dry domination. Americans have been traditionally prejudiced, for instance, against cruel and unusual punishments, and they have been inclined to protest when law officers, so-called, kill innocent citizens.

UNTIL NOW the cost of prohibition has usually been figured in dollars. Since the inauguration of Mr. Hoover, however, it is being counted in human life. This is not due to any administration policy, even to any tendency on Mr. Lowman's part toward enforcement with shotguns. It is because public attention has been centered upon the number of killings and their nature. As yet no one knows just how many have died. Representative Florence Kahn of California estimated that 133 civilians had been slain by Federal officials during the past eight years. Including those killed by State officials, she said, the total would be close to 500. United States Senator Edwards of New Jersey said he had found 152 killings, and remarked that analysis of the reports showed that "they die, many of them, in cold blood, shot in the back, the records of the Treasury Department do not say so, for it would look

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bad, but investigate the court proceedings and you find the reiterating refrain, 'shot in the back, shot in the back'."

Whether fifty have been killed or two hundred or one thousand is, so far as any public reaction is concerned, relatively unimportant. Statistics, even of legal homicides, rarely interest the public. What is needed, always, is a specific case. And during the last two months there have been all too many of these. First there was Jacob Hanson of Niagara Falls. Then came the sinking of the "I'm Alone," the Canadian rum-runner, 200 miles off the Louisiana Coast. A sailor was killed, but Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, expressed himself as feeling "a thrill of appreciation" when word came of the sinking. It was, he said, "American." It was "right."

It is as though a rum-soaked Spirit of Evil had been at work ever since Election Day to make mockery of the belief that the prohibition issue was settled. There was the case of Mrs. Etta Mae Miller; the woman with ten children who was sentenced to life imprisonment at Lansing, Michigan, in January, because she had sold two pints of whiskey after three previous convictions.

"My only regret," said Dr. Clarence True Wilson, "is that the woman was not sentenced to life imprisonment before her ten children were born. When one has violated the Constitution four times—she is an habitual criminal, and should be segregated from Society to prevent the propagation of subnormal children."

The public did not, however, share the sentiments of Dr. Wilson, particularly when it learned that in the same courtroom, on the same day, a bellboy was fined $400 and given his freedom after pleading guilty to manslaughter. Nor did it agree (despite the applause which greeted the news in the House of Representatives) that a Washington patrolman had been justified in killing Ottmer Herman Fleming, the twenty-one-year-old youth caught driving a liquor truck; nor endorse the killing of Mrs. Lillian de King by an Illinois Deputy Sheriff. The drys must have found their morning papers distressing these past four months, as they read of case after case which was throwing enforcement still further into disrepute. It was possible to attribute the editorial comment to the lawless, wet prejudices of the newspapers. But even an un-American editor could not fabricate the killing of Virkula, shot to death near the Canadian border, or Arthur Gordon, killed a few days later near Plattsburg. And it could not be denied that two dry, Republican Congressmen, who had voted for the Jones law, had been involved with customs officers on suspicion of smuggling liquor into the country.

Undoubtedly much of the outcry has come from those who have long been convinced that prohibition could not be made to work. And no one can offer evidence that means anything as to whether there have been additional converts since Al Smith stumped the country last fall. Yet there are indications; the fact that Wisconsin has repealed its State enforcement act and now is aligned with New York, Maryland, Montana and Nevada as a state which will not assist the Federal Government; the fact that 500 lawyers have organized a committee to defend those unjustly jeopardized under the Jones Law; the fact that Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, once a member of the Republican National Committee, is now devoting all her time to modification and repeal. Meanwhile, Mr. Hoover's National Commission on Law Enforcement is beginning its work. The President, in an address to the members, made no mention of prohibition. George W. Wickersham, its chairman, was careful to follow suit in a brief speech in reply. Was it possible, asked a bold reporter, that the Commission might find prohibition unenforceable? Mr. Wickersham smiled the obscure smile of an eminent attorney.

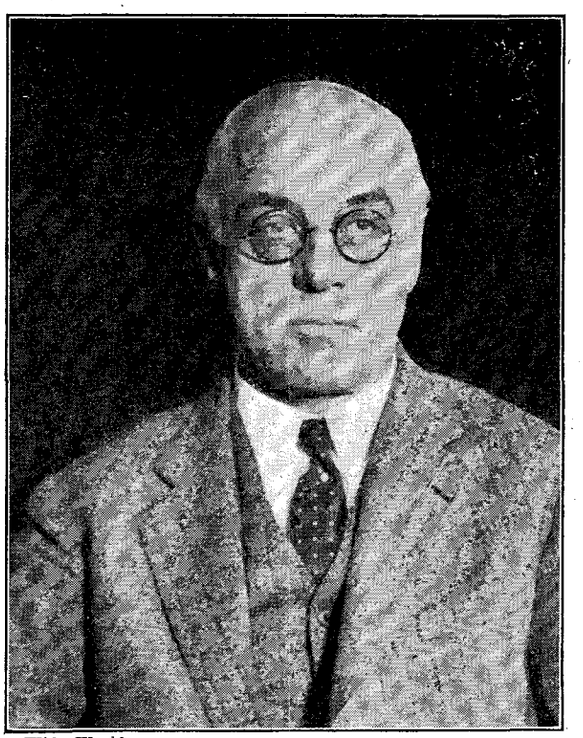
"Yes," he replied, "it is intellectually possible, but certainly improbable."

Nor has anything come from the White House to indicate that Mr. Hoover has in any way been moved by the recent tragic developments. "For God's sake, help us!" beseeched the citizens of International Falls in a moving appeal to the President in which they told of "promiscuous and uncalled-for use of riot guns," "the risking of innocent lives by the unwarranted discharge of pistols," the "bullyragging of pedestrians and motorists on our streets, and even threats to murder or do bodily injury to various of our policemen, including our Police Chief."

Mr. Hoover, in answer, deplored "the killing of any person." The Treasury Department, he said, was making every effort to prevent the misuse of arms. But he "hoped that the communities along the border will do their best to help the Treasury Department" in the "systematic war that is being carried on by international criminals against the laws" of the United States.

It was an unkind fate which decreed that Mr. Lowman should have found himself projected into the midst of all this bitter controversy, for he has not always been at his best when battle was raging. He entered public life in the early 90's as Secretary of the Republican Committee of Chemung County, New York, and ever since he has been viewed as a moderately intelligent, small-time politician whose worst fault has been an unbridled loquacity. This, on occasion, has made the G. O. P. leaders a little nervous.

Lowman was born in 1868 of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, near Elmira. His father, who was a farmer, was an ardent Democrat, and named the boy Horatio Seymour in honor of the Democratic



Wide World

THE HONORABLE SEYMOUR LOWMAN

Tall and muscular, with blue eyes and a fringe of white hair receding before advancing baldness

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candidate for President in that year. Upon entering the Republican Party two decades later, however, the son hastily dropped the "Horatio", and it has since remained the only skeleton in his closet. Just why he deserted the faith of his fathers is a mystery, and one on which Lowman is uncommunicative. Perhaps he was practical enough to see that a Democrat in rural New York was as hopelessly out of things as a Republican in the pre-Hoover South. At all events, young Lowman was graduated from the high school at Bainbridge, took some courses at the Lowell Business College at Binghamton, and then read law while serving as a stenographer in the office of Francis E. Baldwin of Elmira. He was admitted to the bar in 1891, and for a time practiced in Elmira. His material success seems to have come, however, from a building and contracting firm which he organized.

LOWMAN'S first interest in prohibition was derived from Mr. Baldwin, a leader in the Prohibition Party. And he first put his principles into effect by assisting in the fight to make Elmira dry under local option. From 1900 to 1907, he was City Chamberlain of Elmira; in 1909 he went to Albany as an Assemblyman, and by 1918 he was a State Senator. A machine politician, Lowman always fought with distinction for such local measures as new roads and bridges. He also threw his influence behind State-wide prohibition laws, and was one of the leaders in the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. In 1924, the Republican Party nominated Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. for Governor to oppose the well-nigh invincible Al Smith. This was done in defiance of the Anti-Saloon League, which had not forgiven the young Colonel for daring to favor 2.75 per cent beer. Lowman was classed as a rigid dry and so was chosen, in a burst of political sagacity on the part of the leaders, to appease the prohibitionists. Governor Smith was the only Democrat on the State ticket who won in the face of the Coolidge landslide. Thus Lowman became Lieutenant-Governor and went to Albany as the nominal head of his party in the state.

No doubt entered his mind, as he began the labors of this office, that he was wholly competent to do battle with Al Smith. Within a week he had warned the Governor to leave Albany at his peril, that with the head of the Democratic party away he would marshal his forces and do terrific things. It was not long, however, before the Lieutenant-Governor was in a hopeless muddle; and so was the G. O. P. It was impossible, Lowman had warned early in the legislative session, for income taxes to be reduced. Any surplus would be used to cut the direct property tax; and this for the statesmanlike reason that "we don't get any votes from the income tax payers down in New York City."

BUT THE CUT went through, under the campaigning of Governor Al, and Lowman sadly admitted defeat. However, he said brightly, "we'll lick him yet, on his grade crossing plan." Since this was a project to eliminate crossings where trains killed an average of 400 people yearly, the suggestion was not wholly fortunate. And on this, too, Lowman was defeated. Early in March of the same year, he was invited to speak from the same platform with Governor Smith by the Women's City Club of New York. In the copies of his address sent in advance to the newspapers, he said that "Al Smith is an ambitious man, drunk with power." Called upon to speak, he lost his nerve, and omitted the phrase. Finally, when hissed by the audience for the absurd statement that Smith "had rarely advanced an idea of government which is original with him," he said with engaging frankness:

"I am not making this personal; it's all political."

Such leadership was a little too much, even for the New York G. O. P., and for the second year of his term the Lieutenant-Governor was relegated to less vocal duties. Relieved of the responsibilities of guiding the Ship of State he returned to a more normal rôle, that of a rather likeable up-state politician who sat in the lobbies of the Albany hotels and peered from behind his gold-rimmed glasses at the milling crowds of strange people. He was renominated by his party that fall, none the less, and ran on the defeated ticket headed by Ogden L. Mills, now Undersecretary of the Treasury. Among his aphorisms during the campaign were:

"We are entitled to win on the record. Our platform is broad, sound, and liberal."

"The Governor should be elected in New York State during the same year as the President. The reason I like this idea is that we usually elect a Republican Governor under this plan, to the everlasting good of the common people."

A rigid rule of practical politics is that some one shall be blamed when things go wrong, and nobody worries unduly whether the right man is found. Things may not yet have reached the stage where Mr. Lowman's official head is being demanded, but it is an open secret that President Hoover is less than satisfied. It was obvious, during the closing days of June, that the White House was watching the prohibition situation. And although Mr. Hoover has taken no action in regard to the killings, he spoke promptly and sternly when plans were announced to propagandize among the school children in behalf of prohibition. Mr. Lowman or Dr. Doran, or whoever may really be running the department, may find it necessary to do something more than defend careless agents, and insist that the reports of the border killings have been distorted.

THE Assistant Secretary's state of mind was best illustrated by his public utterances regarding the deaths of Arthur Gordon, Virkula and Hanson. On Saturday morning, June 15, the twenty-one-year-old Gordon was carried into a hospital at Plattsburg, N. Y. by two customs men who left hurriedly, and without giving their names. It developed that Gordon was already dead, and a subsequent investigation by county officials disclosed that he had been arrested while driving a truck, had attempted to run, and had then been shot. Within a few days the Treasury Department received a report describing the shooting as "accidental," and explaining that one of the agents had stumbled during the chase, and so had discharged his revolver.

Mr. Lowman did not question this version even though it sounded like a ghastly Keystone Comedy. But, asked a Washington correspondent, how had the guard chanced to draw his gun if he had no intention of using it to halt the escaping prisoner?

"You can't run with a revolver in your holster," explained the Assistant Secretary, thereby offering a theory which would astonish many an ex-service man who found it possible to make considerable speed thus handicapped.

Virkula was a confectioner, with a wife and two daughters, living at Big Falls, Minn., not far from the Canadian line. At 11 o'clock on a night in early

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It Pays to Borrow

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

In an older day it was considered thriftless, even sinful, to borrow. Today, with installment buying almost universal, a new credit principle of "Pay as You Use" is being both defended and criticized. Mr. Scroggs, an economist and editorial writer for the New York "World" analyzes the new conception of thrift

WHEN Shakespeare said that "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry," he was not thinking of the sort of borrowing which characterizes so many of our great financial transactions of today, but had in mind borrowing for consumption—obtaining a loan because one happened at the moment to be "hard up." Borrowing for consumption has nearly always been regarded as thriftless. In the Middle Ages, any other kind of borrowing was so rare that the Church denounced all interest-taking, regardless of the rate, as usury and a sin. The interest-taker of that time was usually battening on the misfortunes of his fellow-men.

But a change in economic conditions sometimes alters our ethical ideas, and so there developed a different attitude toward interest when the enlargement of producing units and the expansion of markets created a greater need of capital for productive purposes. To put out at interest what one had saved ceased to be an offence before God and man and came to be regarded as beneficial both to the lender and to the community at large. Adam Smith, the father of modern economic theory, well summed up this latter conception in 1776 in his "Wealth of Nations," when he said:

"By what a frugal man annually saves, he not only affords maintenance to an additional number of productive hands, for that or the ensuing year, but . . . he establishes as it were a perpetual fund for the maintenance of an equal number in all times to come."

This is still the orthodox view. The only people who challenge it today are the radical opponents of the private ownership of capital, and even they will admit that somewhere along the line between the producer and the consumer some part of the product must be saved. It is not the act of saving but the manner of its performance which they criticize.

While the basic principles of thrift as laid down by the economists and the moral philosophers of the past are still intact, there has nevertheless been a change in the mode of their application, so that they may conform to the varying conditions under which they are practised. Just as the modern view of interest-taking differs from that of the Middle Ages, so our present ideas of thrift differ somewhat from those of even a generation ago. Worthy Americans today admire the frugality of their grandsires, but they admire it as they admire the hand-woven homespun which their forebears wore, as something which reflects sturdy character, but which is hardly adapted to Twentieth-Century living.

That the present generation has not lost its saving habits is well attested by the growth of new investment securities and new life insurance at the rate of eight or nine billion dollars each per year. Our people are spending less than they receive from their labors and their past savings. The maxims of Poor Richard are still recognized as basically sound, but they are practised in a different way under a new economic order.

A NUMBER of influences are at work producing this change. First in importance is the enormous spread of mass production. Obviously, mass production can continue only if there is mass consumption. Production is only a means toward an end. Articles are not made by the million to adorn shop windows, but to be sold and used. Consumption is what keeps factories in operation, trains running, farms under cultivation and tradesmen solvent.

Now, it is argued that if a people who are mass producers stint and save, they will curtail the demand for their own output, and if they plough their savings back into their business they will increase the supply as the demand decreases, and the result will be overproduction and a business recession. This argument carries some grains of truth, but it can be easily over-worked. Yet it emphasizes a situation which has been receiving an increasing amount of attention from business men and economists.

Simultaneously with the increase of mass production, the United States has changed from a debtor nation to the world's greatest creditor. It behooves a debtor, whether a nation or an individual, to economize and liquidate the debt at the earliest practicable moment. With our foreign indebtedness liquidated, and with the productive capacity of our basic industries enormously increased since 1914 through enlarged plants and improved technical processes, it is not surprising that the need of saving has recently been coming into conflict with the need of a larger consumption. The resulting change in the public attitude has been viewed by many business observers with misgiving, and even with alarm.

The writer recalls a lecture delivered in New York in 1922 by the head of one of the country's best-known statistical organizations. The speaker was decidedly pessimistic. He predicted a period of depression, compared with which that of 1920-21 was only a mild gesture, and he based his gloomy forecast mainly on the increasing output of automobiles. Just as the overbuilding of railroads after the Civil War led to the crisis of 1873 by creating a dearth of capital for essential industries, so the over-expansion of the motor-car industry, he said, was going to bring on another great crisis.

Fortunately for the country, time has not borne out this prediction. Indeed, four years after this prophecy of calamity, there appeared an article by Messrs. W. T. Foster and Waddill Catchings, which presented some very cogent arguments to show that the very backbone of the country's recent prosperity was nothing else than this same automobile industry. So there we are.

THE DIFFERENCE between these two views reflects the difference between the old and the new ideas of thrift. Under the old conception the automobile was regarded as something whose increasing use not only depleted the country's savings and left less capital for the industries producing more necessary articles, but by drawing labor and materials from these industries it was also diminishing the purchasing power of the great mass of consumers and thereby paving the way for no end of economic troubles.

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Under the newer conception of thrift, the use of 24,000,000 motor cars in this country is not regarded as something to be deplored but as something which has contributed enormously to the country's wealth and well-being. It may be true that the more people there are in the automobile industry the fewer there will be for raising potatoes and making shirts, but our present problem, it is argued, is not that of raising potatoes enough or of making shirts enough to meet the needs of the people, but to find buyers enough for the potatoes and the shirts that are produced. If the people who now make their living in the automobile industry were to change their occupations and go to raising potatoes and making shirts the country would be in a sorry plight indeed.

But the purchase on an unprecedented scale of things once regarded as luxuries does not tell the whole story. Today an amazing proportion of such things is purchased on credit, to be paid for out of future income. And that is not all. Banks today are actually financing companies which are selling consumers' goods on long-term payments. This latest phase of installment selling has given business men and economists more concern, perhaps, than any other feature of the retail credit system. With banks advancing funds to finance consumption, it has seemed to many that we are reverting to that sort of credit condition which caused Shakespeare's famous observation about dulling the edge of husbandry.

Loud and furious have been the blasts against this new practice, seemingly so much at variance with our commonly accepted notions of frugality. The criticisms have been little heeded, and, moreover, none of the predicted cataclysmic results have yet come to pass. At the instance of a group of business men who wished to know what the new tendency really meant, Professor Seligman of Columbia University has conducted an exhaustive study of the new system of consumption credits. He has found that in the main it is not inconsistent with the accepted principles of sound economics.

The old idea of thrift assumed that credit ought to be limited to the purposes of production. In that way it enriched the country, whereas its employment for stimulating consumption might lead to national impoverishment. The newer conception does not condemn consumption credit as invariably bad. If the consumers' goods bought on credit are durable, it does not follow that they are consumed before they are paid for. If the payments are properly adjusted, the buyer pays for the goods, not after but *while* he uses them, and even before they are fully used up, they will have been paid for. From this point of view, installment buying, properly conducted, is on exactly the same economic plane as paying cash for one's groceries. As applied to the purchase of consumers' goods, the old idea of thrift was "pay when you buy;" the new idea admits also the principle of "pay as you use."

Consumption credit is of course thriftless if it leads to purchases of things which are not really needed, or which are quickly consumed or tired of and discarded, or when the total payments exceed the buyer's purchasing power. Without question it has been abused at times and has been the source of loss to sellers and of hardship to misguided buyers.

Buying on the installment plan has been employed in this country for at least half a century. For a long time it was confined to the very poor and thriftless, who bought jewelry, musical instruments, clothing and furniture in this way. The price actually paid was high because of the great risk. Southern Negroes humorously referred to it as the "stortion (extortion) plan." The prejudice originally aroused against it was fully justified. It was a way for the ne'er-do-wells to get what they ought not to have. The seller was often little better than a loan shark, and the buyer too often lost his purchased goods because of his inability to make the last few payments. These early shortcomings, however, do not justify a condemnation of the system as a whole, or as it is now employed by thousands of reputable dealers.

Where the proper principles are observed, where the commodity is useful and durable and its possession increases the well-being of the purchaser, installment buying, instead of breeding spendthrifts, may actually encourage the saving habit. This has long been recognized when homes have been bought on partial payments. In these later days it has been found that there are other things than houses and lots which may be bought on time with no impairment, but rather with an encouragement, of the saving habit. The exponents of the thrift maintain that if it is a good thing to buy a house in this way rather than to go without, the same rule applies to the furniture which goes into the house; for one is useless without the other. It is also better that the small monthly payments which are required should go for a kitchen range or a piano than be frittered away on trifles. And if this rule is good for a piano, why is it not equally good for an automobile? Who is to draw the line and say that purchases of some things in this way are inherently good and purchases of other things are inherently bad? Conditions will vary with individuals; what may be conducive to carefully planned saving and household budgeting by one family may prove ruinous to another.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has estimated that approximately one-sixth of the goods sold at retail are now sold on time payments. If they had not been sold in this way it is probable that they would not have been sold at all. In that case business activity would have slackened, fewer workers would have had jobs, purchasing power would have declined, with still less demand for goods and still less employment. It is easy to imagine the vicious circle which might result. It is to be remembered, too, that a drop of 15 per cent in business activity means a change from prosperity to depression. It is conceivable, then, that our more flexible notion of what constitutes thrift has actually prevented a reaction in business.

But, say the upholders of the rigid pay-as-you-buy idea, while the expansion of consumption credit may temporarily increase the volume of business, it cannot permanently affect the country's prosperity, because it does not actually increase the consumer's purchasing power. The more he buys on credit this year, the less he can buy for cash next year. If a consumer's income in one period is X, and he is granted credit to the amount of Y, his total purchasing power becomes X + Y. In the next period, however, he must pay his bills, amounting to Y, out of his income X, and his purchasing power is then reduced to X — Y, unless he goes into debt again.

As a mathematical demonstration this is unanswerable. Nevertheless, it rests upon the doubtful hypothesis of a fixed income. There is abundant evidence that a rising scale of expenditure, in so far as it reflects higher standards of living, goes hand in hand with increas-

(Please Turn to Page 479)

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The Trend of Events

CPUSA

IT MIGHT BE supposed that CPUSA (Communist Party of the United States of America), existing in a country which does not take kindly to its doctrines, would be compressed by opposition into a model of unity and harmony. Actually, it has been a center of bitter factionalism. In 1925, ECCI (Executive Committee of the Communist International)—the habit of contracting words is the greatest Communist menace in the United States—commanded that the squabbling cease, and repeated the command at intervals during the next four years. The party, however, continued to go its wrangling way, with Jay Lovestone, its strongest man, leading the Right group, Alexander Bittelman the Left, or Trotzky group, and William Z. Foster, the central, or Stalin, group. Thus the factions apparently correspond closely to the three in Russia.

At the party convention in March, Lovestone controlled all of the delegates except Foster, who constituted a minority of one. Then came a message from Moscow ordering "the majority to be made a minority." Lovestone had fallen out of the good graces of the Comintern, or Communist International, and soon after, along with several other American Communist leaders, reported to Russia, either voluntarily or at command, to testify regarding his doctrines and the status of the party in the United States. It is reported that some of these leaders have been forced to remain in Russia on pain of expulsion from the Communist party, but that Lovestone, who has since been expelled, returned to America, after having vainly cabled his followers to seize control of the American party's property and organization.

Whatever doubt may be thrown on details, it is apparently true that Foster is now first in command, that the party is being re-organized, that the Left group has been rebuked for its Trotskyism, and that Lovestone is preparing to launch a new Communist organization. Thus the factional quarrels may continue, despite the distress of the Third International. Evidently, the troubles of the party, which now numbers only about 7000 members, are not yet over, and its future looks none too bright. This, we fear, will be painful news to the sponsors of the "National Republic's" anti-Red drive, who are ready at the drop of a hat to save the country from the perils of radicalism for the almost irresistibly nominal price of "ten dollars a quarter for eleven quarters."

To Arms

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Call Out the Marines," in "Colliers," General Secretary Wilson of the Methodist Board of Prohibition proposes that every infraction of the Volstead Act be made a felony, that aliens who break the law be deported, that the buyer be held as guilty as the seller, that prison sentences be inflicted on first offenders, that all property used in violations be padlocked for a year, and that the statute be rigidly enforced even if it is necessary to employ the Army and Navy. An Iowa dry crusader goes Dr. Wilson one better; he is drafting a bill, to be introduced in State Legislatures, which would outlaw near beer.

Ewing Galloway

GATEWAY TO FIFTH AVENUE

The Washington Arch, where America's best-known street begins

We shall hear more of such proposals before we hear less. They can be traced directly to the obvious fact that Jones-Volsteadism is not a success. As Dr. Wilson says, "no one dares to claim that prohibition enforcement has been satisfactory." From the prohibitionist viewpoint the situation grows desperate. When serious attempts are made to enforce prohibition, besides being a failure it becomes a nuisance and a tragedy, and public sentiment sours on it. Killings like the two which have aroused Oklahoma are an inevitable result of tighter enforcement, and they are extremely harmful to the prohibition cause. But when enforcement efforts are merely perfunctory, the farcical flavor always present in Jones-Volsteadism speedily becomes dominant, and the effect on public opinion is the same.

Thus we note the statement by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment that in 1927 $23,000,000 worth of Canadian liquor was officially cleared—how much was unofficially cleared?—for export to the United States, and that, including European intoxicants, our liquor imports from Canada amount to about $30,000,000 annually. Thus we learn from official sources that Canada sent $2,200,000, worth of liquor to the United States in May of this year and $1,800,000 worth in June—this despite the enforcement drive on the border. Thus we find that about $2,000,000 worth of bonded whisky has been stolen from a Government warehouse in Chicago, and that the Government has been wondering in how many other cases alcohol and water have been substituted for whisky right under its nose.

As Jones-Volsteadism crumbles, its opponents become more aggressive. Even the Board of which Dr. Wilson is General Secretary has lately been warding off blows. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts asserts that it has violated the spirit of the Constitution as to separation of Church and State, that it is a political organization, that as such it has broken the corrupt practices law by failing to file a return of its expenditures in 1928, and that the Attorney General should prosecute it.

All things considered, is it any wonder that Dr. Wilson wants to call out the Marines?

The Avenue

SOON AFTER the announcement that funds have been raised to preserve Mark Twain's house in Hartford, Connecticut, comes news that his New

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York home, on Fifth Avenue at Ninth Street, is in danger of becoming a bank. Protest has been prompt and decided, based not so much on the incongruity of housing a bank within walls which once sheltered the financially turbulent Twain, as on the undesirability of a business institution, however inconspicuous, in lower Fifth Avenue, which is residential and rapidly becoming more so.

England has its Bond Street, France its Rue de la Paix, but America has its Fifth Avenue. Like many storied thoroughfares, Fifth Avenue contradicts the stranger's preconceptions. Insensitive to tradition, it is constantly changing. Starting at Washington Square, where spacious old brick houses wage a valiant, losing battle against skyscraper apartments, Fifth Avenue plunges disconcertingly into the wholesale district. Thence it proceeds with mounting splendor through the shopping district, which reaches its peak at Fifty-Seventh Street, goes on through another, and grander, residential section facing Central Park, then peters out dismally among tenements.

A visitor, starting at Washington Arch behind a spanking pair or in a horseless carriage, Model 1904, saw a very different Avenue. A visitor in 1954 will see an Avenue, still world-famous perhaps, but entirely dissimilar to the Avenue of today. There should, therefore, be large interest in the Altman Foundation's $100,000 gift to the Museum of the City of New York to create a special gallery in which to depict Fifth Avenue's history. Models will be made, possibly representing one typical section at intervals of twenty-five years, and showing each distinctive phase in the Avenue's development.

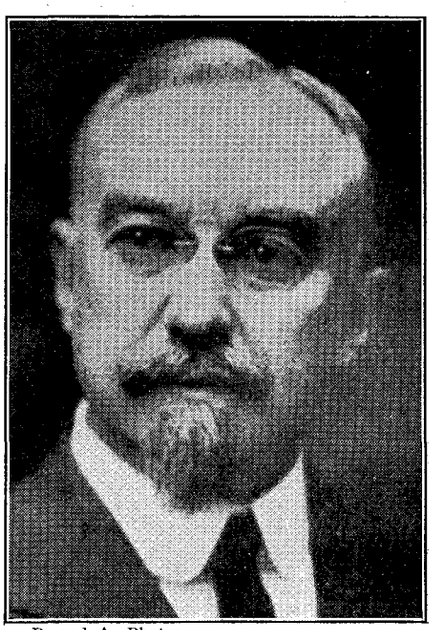
Broadway may be the "main stem" to New Yorkers, but Fifth Avenue is the index to America. As its pace quickens, its atmosphere changes, its old landmarks vanish, and its millions go marching on, let us, by all means, keep track of its record. To examine such a record should be as relaxing and as revealing as reading an old diary.

▸▸*City of the Future*

A SENSE OF HUMOR, alas, appears at times to be conspicuously wanting in discussions of the city of the future. Harken to current seers on this subject and you grasp your head in dismay.

There are prophecies of streets resembling steel canyons, spanned by sidewalks like giant arches. Pallid people live, work, and play in the same building, no doubt eating food compressed into tablets, breathing through oxygen tubes, and sunning themselves beneath electric lamps. The skies overhead, if anyone should catch a glimpse of them, are black with airplanes.

Then comes a war. A swarm of enemy bombing planes zooms over the jagged skyline, unloads explosives, poison gases, and assorted germs. And that's the end. But no matter. The end would have come anyway, for the skyscrapers were resting on an ever-weakening substructure, compressing noxious



P. and A. Photos

MARINE-CALLER

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals

vapours and storing human carbon monoxide which sooner or later would have exploded and written finis for the peaked folk who dared try to live in the city of their making.

Thus Stuart Chase, technological critic, reading a paper before a recent meeting of the League for Industrial Democracy. He spoke particularly of New York but pointed out that all large cities are endangering their futures by building high into the sky. The villain in his piece is the unscrupulous landlord who foils the hero, City Planner, so that he may build higher his towering structure of property values and bear off thither the beauteous maid, Mazuma.

We make bold to doubt the accuracy of the vision. We have noted what even Mr. Chase admitted—that, though the world holds nothing but gases from the clouds and gases from the increasingly imprisoned depths, with carbon monoxide in between, it looks astonishingly pretty at times. We have noted that there are a good many healthy people here and there and that babies are still being born. Every now and then we hear a good joke. But perhaps we are all out of step. Perhaps we belong in a museum with old Fifth Avenue.

▸▸*Shaping the Tariff*

IT MAKES a pretty picture for cartoonists, that of the Administration advocating friendlier foreign relations. The old favorite—hands across the sea. Unfortunately, Congress has slipped in and fitted Uncle Sam's outstretched hand with a boxing glove. Deliberate intention scarcely could have produced a stronger threat to good feeling between Washington and London than the House tariff bill, jacking up rates on many exports to the United States from England, Ireland, Canada, and Australia.

The House bill, declares the Conservative London "Times," "probably is the most extreme measure of protection ever proposed in a great modern State." Reluctantly, it declares that the bill "appears to make counter-measures necessary as acts of self-defense." Groups of British and Continental business men emphasize this thought; in no uncertain terms they demand that retaliatory duties be imposed against the United States.

Possibly these developments begin to make themselves felt in the National Capitol. Possibly the principal American contributors to our $5,000,000,000 export trade are pointing out that looming "counter-measures," if adopted, might outweigh many of the assumed benefits of our increased protection. Or possibly it is the slowly-swelling protest of consumers against the 916 increases in the House bill, particularly the House rates on necessities—sugar, cement, lumber, bricks, shoes, and so on—which presently gives Congress pause.

At any rate, the tariff revisers of the Senate Finance Committee, left all alone in Washington, appear to be losing some of their zeal for skyscraper duties. Daringly, they have toyed with the idea that there is no need for a tariff on automobiles or boots and shoes, and that the free list is the proper place for building materials. Whether or not they eventually will take fright at their

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own notions, suspect themselves of being free-traders, and repentantly swing into line with the skyscraper-builders of the House, remains to be seen. They are encouraged in their present attitude, it appears, by the President. Mr. Hoover, reports have it, is intimating that when he said "limited" tariff revision he didn't mean maybe.

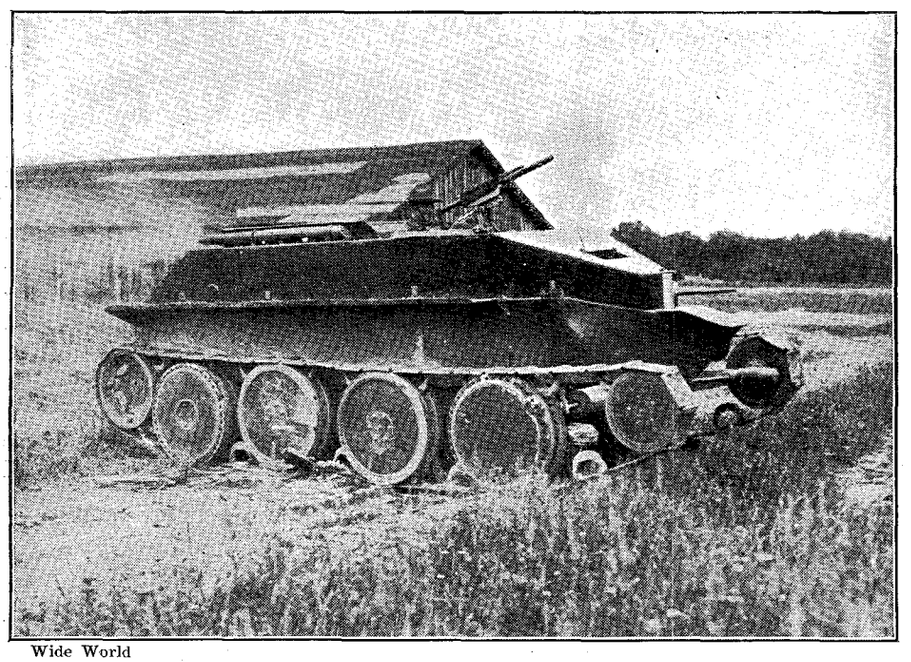
▸▸*Before the Next War*

GOVERNMENTS ARE the world's greatest realists. Four days after Japan, the last of the original signers, ratified the Kellogg pact renouncing war and pledging the signatories to seek the peaceful settlement of all controversies, delegates of forty-six nations met at Geneva to discuss the treatment of the sick, wounded, and imprisoned in the next war. It is felt that the old codes of 1906 and 1907 are out of date; they do not take into account ultra-modern methods of converting well soldiers into maimed and dead ones.

In the teeth of the current British-American naval disarmament negotiations came the news that Great Britain would build several fighting-ships for China and otherwise assist in the development of a powerful Chinese navy. The very next day the King's speech, read at the opening of Parliament, declared that "conversations have commenced . . . . in consequence of which it is the earnest hope of my Government to insure . . . . an early reduction in armaments throughout the world."

That the United States, father of the Kellogg pact and of the naval disarmament project, is taking neither of them too seriously recent news items quickly reveal. "Great Flying Boat Ordered by Navy," shouts one headline; "Plane in Air Hooks to the Los Angeles," cries another. The flying boat, the largest and speediest ever developed in this country, probably will be the first of a long line which will be used for coast patrol service and sent out in squadrons with the fighting fleets. The experiment of repeatedly hooking a plane to, and unhooking it from, the Los Angeles in flight tends to widen the range of bombing planes, to make the dirigible a strong destructive unit, and to render it capable of self-defense. It is expected that each of the two dirigibles, twice as large as the Los Angeles, being constructed for the Navy at Akron will be able to carry a brood of scrappy little fighting planes.

"New Tank Goes 42 Miles an Hour Over Fields," declaims a third headline; "Cruiser Launched at Camden Yards," adds a fourth. Hitherto, the maximum speed of combat tanks has been eighteen miles an hour; the new three-man tank will make forty-two miles over rough fields and sixty-two over highways. The Chester, launched at Camden, N. J., will be the flagship of the fleet of eight 10,000-ton cruisers authorized in 1924 and now nearing completion.



Wide World

LETHAL CATERPILLAR

Newly-invented, high-speed combat tank, recently tested at Fort George E. Meade

A fifth news account reveals that contracts have been awarded for the construction of five of the fifteen additional 10,000-tonners authorized in February, 1929, and that bids for the next group of five will be called for next Spring. It takes more than a Kellogg pact to make a Government forget its habit of preparing for war in times of peace.

▸▸*Socialized Britain*

AT THE PROSPECT of a Socialistic Government conservative Britishers paled with alarm. Its advent finds them unworried. During the recent campaign, Winston Churchill made the flesh creep as he pictured the waste of England on the morning of Labor's assumption of power, but as parliamentary spokesman for the Opposition he greeted the speech from the throne with the assurance that the Conservatives would not endeavor to overthrow the Government, at least until 1930, unless it attempted to carry into action the "fundamental vices" of Labor policy.

Small danger. As a minority Government, Labor is saved the embarrassment of making the experiments in Socialism to which it is pledged in principle. Of necessity, perhaps also of choice, in the King's speech it tacitly committed itself to administering "the capitalist system of civilization" which Mr. Churchill solemnly placed in its keeping.

How diffidently Premier MacDonald approaches the task of achieving "Socialism in our time" was revealed when the warmest condemnation of the speech came not from the fearsomely imaginative Mr. Churchill, nor yet from the mischief-making Lloyd George, but from the benches of the Labor party itself. Left-wing Laborites complained that they had been given nothing "to make a tirade about." Neither in the King's speech nor in J. H. Thomas's proposals to relieve unemployment—by constructing new roads, improving transportation facilities, encouraging domestic industries, and developing closer economic relations between Great Britain and the Dominions—was there anything to make radicals cheer or reactionaries shiver. Only in the delicately hinted nationalization of the mines can there be found incentive for that "factious opposition" which former Premier Baldwin says he has forsworn.

Echoing the Clydesiders whose policies he assailed during the campaign

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Mr. Lloyd George also finds the Labor program less ambitious than he anticipated, but his chief preoccupation is electoral reform, upon which he bases his hopes for the rescue of the Liberal party and which is his price for continued support of the Government. Apparently confident that payment will not be demanded for some time, Premier MacDonald contemplates the creation of twenty Labor peers to join Baron Passfield of Passfield Corners, lately Mr. Sidney Webb, the Labor theorist, in the House of Lords. In power, Labor becomes sharply conscious of its responsibilities to British tradition. A Gilbert should be living in this hour.

▸▸*The Farm Board*

THE KIND OF MEN chosen by President Hoover for his Federal Farm Board indicates the problems to be solved if agriculture is to be rescued from its present depression. Although the members have a deep interest in farming, their chief concern has been the business side of the industry—marketing and distribution.

The chairman, Alexander H. Legge of Chicago, is best known as President of the International Harvester Company. He will have eight associates—Secretary of Agriculture Hyde being an exofficio member. Those already named have attained eminence as heads of farm co-operatives and business institutions rather than as tillers of the soil. Some Western Senators are inclined to be critical because of the absence of "dirt farmers" from the body that will administer the new legislation, the $500,000,000.

Nevertheless, it seems to be the kind of Board that will work in harmony with the Administration. Although Progressive Senators disagreed with Mr. Hoover regarding the debenture plan, they appear willing to give the Board every opportunity to make good. As the President's co-workers, the eight members will sponsor methods of more orderly marketing by utilizing stabilization corporations, by the regulation and diversification of crops through co-operative effort and organizations, by improvement in systems of distribution, and by systematic steps for reducing the economic spread between farm and market place.

Since the major crops will be represented on the board—wheat, cotton, live stock, dairy products, tobacco, etc.—it will have the advantage of expert advice. It is a further asset that the members have already earned the respect of producers of the various commodities involved in the Government's first large-scale experiment to aid agriculture.

▸▸*Six Members*

AS PRESIDENT HOOVER'S personal appointee, Mr. Legge is regarded as representing forces the board will try to set in motion. He will hold the chairmanship during the first year and probably his views will dominate. Though he was born on a farm and worked on it until he was twenty-five, he first got his name in the papers

P. and A. Photos

HEADS FARM BOARD
Alexander H. Legge, President of the International Harvester Company

when in 1902 he became a sales manager for the company he headed until his recent resignation. In 1922 he became President. Agricultural groups almost unanimously agreed with Mr. Hoover's view that the Board should be headed by one of Legge's business and financial ability. The farmers seem to recognize that they need no Federal board to help them raise crops, that the great requirement is a body which can show them how to get better prices.

James C. Stone of Kentucky, who will be vice-chairman for the first year, and chairman for the second year, is the owner of live stock farms, but he is better known as founder and president of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, which does a business of $50,000,000 annually. He is also director of two Kentucky banks. His most important political indorser was Frank O. Lowden; he also had the recommendation of eighteen farm organizations, thirty-seven farm co-operatives, twelve agricultural colleges and eleven agricultural journals.

The cotton member is Carl Williams of Oklahoma, editor of the Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman, director of the Liberty National Bank of Oklahoma City, and an officer in numerous co-operatives. He was indorsed by more than forty farm groups, colleges and journalists.

C. B. Denman of Chicago, the live stock member, qualifies largely through his Presidency of the National Live Stock Producers' Association, which handles $150,000,000 worth of products annually in twelve States. The Fruit representative, Charles C. Teague, was born on a farm and has been engaged in farming ever since. But his operations equal those of many an industrialist. Two co-operatives of which he is President market more than $150,000,000 of agricultural products annually. He is also Vice-President of a bank in Los Angeles. Almost every farm organization in California, as well as numerous agricultural colleges and journalists, indorsed him.

William F. Schilling of Saint Paul, Minnesota, President of the Twin City Milk Producers' Association, will represent the dairy interests. At the time of this writing the other two members had not been named.

▸▸*The Unexpected Surplus*

IN DECEMBER PRESIDENT COOLIDGE advised Congress that the Treasury surplus for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929, would not exceed $37,000,000. In February, the Bureau of the Budget warned that there might be no surplus at all. President Hoover, apparently preparing for hard times, recently admonished department heads that the budget for the fiscal year 1930 must be kept down to that for 1929. At midnight, June 30, all predictions were discredited. Receipts overbalanced expenditures by $185,000,000.

Secretary Mellon, as often before, was pleasantly surprised. Republicans in Congress agreeably contemplated entering the Congressional elections of 1930 wearing the white plume of another cut in taxes. Democrats prepared to outdo them in zeal for tax reduction.

Only the White House failed to join whole-heartedly in the chorus. Before the Administration can recommend another tax reduction it must discover

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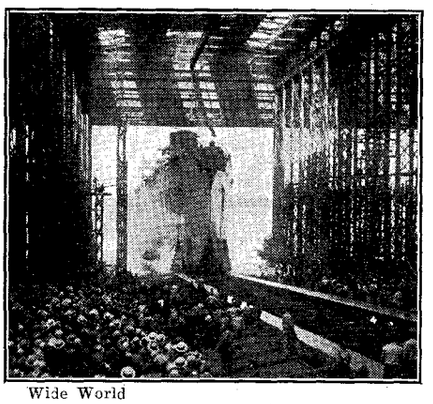


Wide World

THIRD DOWN, FIVE TO GO

The Chester, third of the eight 10,000-ton cruisers authorized in 1924

what effect recent legislation will have on the national finances, what economies can be effected, and what caused the unanticipated surplus.

Its prudence is justified. Apparently, the surplus is largely due to fat profits taken on the stock exchange in 1928, inasmuch as the most notable increase in revenue—$220,000,000—came from individual income tax payments. Next year may tell a different story. Meanwhile, Governmental expenditures increase. Those for naval construction already amount to $30,000,000. Flood control in the Mississippi Valley has taken another $30,000,000 as a starter. Farm relief has already claimed $150,000,000, with $500,000,000 as the initial limit. Boulder Dam will cost millions. Public buildings are demanded in every city of normal ambition.

Yet tax reduction is not impossible. An agreement on naval limitation would save the country hundreds of millions. The elimination of needless Government bureaus and employees would mean just so much money in the bank. This President Hoover has taken up, as well as reduction of the appropriation for army and naval aviation. Meantime, Secretary Mellon has put the $185,000,000 to good use by applying it to the public debt, below $17,000,000,000 for the first time since the war. With our four tax reductions in seven years and a fifth in prospect, is it any wonder that we arouse the envy of taxpayers all over the world?

▸▸*Refrigerating Gas*

THE NEWS that several illnesses and deaths in Chicago had been attributed to methyl chloride, a colorless, almost odorless gas used in artificial refrigeration, brought consternation to many householders. As it developed, however, the story became less terrifying. Of the twenty-two kinds of automatic refrigerators, only five use methyl chloride; most of the rest use other gases which, though they may be toxic, have strong odors making leakage immediately noticeable.

The Chicago Health Commissioner has given a clean bill to individual home unit refrigerators, in which the pressure is seldom high enough to be risky. All cases attributed to gas poisoning have occurred in apartment buildings operating central plants, and even in these it is thought that faulty management of the system, impurity of the methyl chloride, or a combination with other gases may have caused the trouble. One manufacturer of methyl chloride, pointing out that there has never been a sickness among his employees traceable to the gas, doubts that it was responsible for the deaths in Chicago, though he admits that it must be used with reasonable care.

The American, accustomed to living on amicable terms with illuminating gas, coal gas, and the fumes from the exhaust of his automobile, as well as electricity and explosives, will soon become accustomed to life among the refrigerants. It is not as if he had discovered a tarantula among the matched golf clubs or a time bomb beneath the hood of the Model A. It should be a relatively simple matter to require that refrigerating systems employing dangerous gases be properly installed and inspected, and that odorless gases be mixed with some strong-smelling gas which would give warning of danger.

▸▸*An Investment That Paid*

ONE HUNDRED per cent gasoline from crude oil sounds to the chemist like a miracle. This "miracle" has just been announced by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has maintained an experimental plant in Louisiana during the past two years and now proposes to erect a larger plant capable of 100,000 barrels a day output near Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The first gasoline was obtained from crude oil in ordinary stills similar in principle to those employed by another well-known "industry." Then what is known as "cracking" came in a few years ago and increased the percentage of gasoline from the crude oil by breaking up or cracking the molecules of carbohydrates in the oil to form lighter gasoline molecules. Even this left more by-products than the market could absorb when 25,000,000 motor cars brought about an immense production of gasoline.

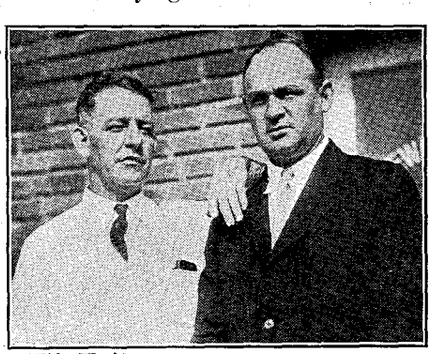
Now comes the third and most efficient stage of gasoline recovery, the hydrogenation of crude oil to give one hundred per cent gasoline. How is it done? It has been explained previously in these columns how the German chemist Bergius liquefied coal, obtaining gasoline. Coal is mainly a carbohydrate. But so is oil. The two are not chemically dissimilar, even though one happens to be a solid and the other a liquid. To liquefy or hydrogenate coal Bergius added hydrogen to it under pressure. The same thing is now to be done with oil.

Here is a striking example of the value of laboratory research. The millions—doubtless billions of dollars—the world will have realized on the discoveries of the scientist Bergius will all be direct lineal descendants of a mere fifteen millions advanced for research before and during the World War by the German Government because it had that much faith in science.

▸▸*Status of the Negro*

THE QUESTION of the Negro's status in the United States usually comes to the front at this time through the publication of lynching statistics; it has not done so this year, since only three Negroes were lynched during the first six months of 1929. But, arriving by a different route, it is nevertheless distinctly in evidence.

The reception of Mrs. Oscar de Priest at the White House continues to disturb the South. Its possible effect of re-solidifying that section has been



Wide World

PILOTS BYRON K. NEWCOMB and R. L. MITCHELL

who broke the World's refueling endurance flight record in the monoplane "City of Cleveland" recently

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recognized by Republicans and anti-Smith Democrats of Virginia; formal protests against it have been voiced by State Legislatures, and at least one Southern Congressman made it the subject of a Fourth of July address, deploring "the horrible mistake of encouraging and practicing social equality of the blacks and whites." Moreover, a subject of this sort is verbally discussed a thousand times for every time it appears in print.

That political barometer, Washington, has been reacting strongly to the tempest in a tea cup. This is indicated by the research, directed by Secretary of Labor Davis, designed to reveal all cases in which Negroes have been entertained by Presidents. The list, however, is strikingly short, clearly suggesting the Negro's subordinate position. It shows that President Hayes called socially at the home of Dean Langston of Howard University; that Frederick Douglass was entertained by Presidents Lincoln, Hayes, and Cleveland; that Cleveland entertained the Minister to Haiti; that President Grant entertained Senator Bruce and Governor Pinchback; that Roosevelt entertained Recorder of Deeds Dancy, Register of the Treasury Lyons, Assistant Attorney General Lewis, and Booker T. Washington, and that President Coolidge entertained the President of Haiti. Here it ends, though "the additional search directed by the Secretary is in the course of progress."

Principal Moton of Tuskegee Institute lately declared that the Negro, like the white, is opposed to intermarriage, and desires, not social, but political and legal, equality. Education, he said, is the answer to the race question. So it may be, in the long run. But meanwhile education increases the Negro's dissatisfaction with his lot, besides intensifying the jealousy and hate of less well educated whites. The fact emphasizes the complexity of the most baffling racial problem in America.

▶▶*Long Green Shortened*

Now, as though the summer season did not hold enough excitement—what with the breaking of air endurance records, the victories of Helen Wills and Bobby Jones, television, suntan, and the rest—the new and smaller currency is out. After an exhaustive study the Treasury decided that bills of improved design, better paper, and more convenient size could be made, which would last longer and afford greater protection against counterfeiting. They will also save the government $1,500,000 a year.

Many have already discovered that the $1.00 bills bear the portrait of Washington, the twos of Jefferson, the fives of Lincoln, the tens of Hamilton, the twenties of Jackson, and the fifties of Grant. Many never will discover that the hundreds have portraits of Franklin, the five hundreds of McKinley, the thousands of Cleveland, the five thousands of Madison, and the ten thousands of Chase.

During the next few months the following things will happen:

Old-style bills will be flattened out and compared minutely with new ones. Hundreds of persons will thus note for the first time what old ones look like.

Seventy-five per cent of the population will say that they guess the new ones will buy just as little as the old ones, or that they'll go just as fast no matter what size they are. The other twenty-five per cent of the population will have it said to them.

Having bills of two sizes at the same time will be declared a great nuisance.

Female members of the family will make mental note that male members need new and smaller bill-folds. P. S. Each male member will receive at least two next Christmas.

The new bills will become slightly worn and therefore easier to handle.

Babe Ruth will hit the longest circuit clout ever heard of and the whole affair of the new currency will be forgotten.

Remarkable Remarks

The trouble with us is that we talk about Jefferson but do not follow him.—Calvin Coolidge.

Prohibition has fulfilled its promise. Conditions are better with the people that count. — Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

No one claims that the Volstead Act was perfect.—Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

If a man declares he is an atheist or an agnostic, then that is his religion.—Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland.

If a vote were taken to determine the happiest man in the world at this moment Gene Tunney might lead all the rest.—Prof. William Lyon Phelps.

Getting married is a tough way of earning a living.—"Bugs" Baer.

If people would only take sex for granted, live it more and talk it less, the world would be much happier and more decent.—Joan Lowell.

Who started this business of monogamy anyway?—Prof. John B. Watson.

A gentleman if he has the right of the argument can sock a lady anytime he likes. — Richard J. Walsh.

Some people who read and write don't think.—Mayor James Walker.

▶▶*In Brief*

The City of Cleveland, which broke the Robbins-Kelly record of 172½ hours, by staying aloft an hour and a half longer, has a big "13" painted on its fuselage. This seems to prove that Pilots Newcomb and Mitchell either are or are not superstitious . . . Disarmament negotiations have reached this stage: war between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable, and their navies must be equal in strength, presumably so that neither will be at a disadvantage in peacetime . . . David Turner, a young Norwegian, having set out from Boston, is attempting to cross the Atlantic in a 16-foot pilot's tender. If he succeeds his name will be added to the list of those who have made solitary trans-Atlantic voyages in small boats, assuming that any one knows where the list is . . . Carolyn Wells, author, declares that she has read forty books in two days. Let's see. Forty books, averaging, say 300 pages—12,000 pages all told, read in, say, 30 hours, at a rate of 400 pages an hour, or 6 2-3 pages a minute for two days on end. None of Miss Wells's mystery stories is more baffling than this . . . . Despite the number and size of our recent bank mergers, there are still two British banks larger than any in the United States. This will never do. America must have the biggest everything . . . . On a hot Summer day, the clothes of the average man weigh 8 pounds, 6 ounces, or about three times as much as those of the average woman. It might be just as well to remember the figures; probably they aren't going to change much . . . . Apropos of Boston's suppression of "Scribner's," Mary M. Colum, literary critic, asks why publications deliberately exploiting disreputability and abnormality are

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piled man-high on the news stands, while worthy magazines are banned for publishing sincere literature. Because, Mrs. Colum, censors always hit hardest at that which is over their heads . . . . A former agent of the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society is charged with having made criminal attacks on two young women, one of them a cripple. Roll your own comment.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE WOULD NOT be surprised if President Hoover were a little dismayed and disappointed at the start which Charles G. Dawes, the Administration's Ambassador-in-Chief, has made at the Court of St. James. We hear that our Quaker President is not altogether sympathetic to the Chicagoan's persistent use of such purple phrases as "You go plumb to hell!" and his disregard of certain conventionalities so dear to the Empire. We who know the former Vice-President appreciate that these heroics of his, including his brusque manner, his profanity, his underslung pipe and his aversion to courtly costume, are carefully cultivated as one means of dramatizing his personality and his programs. The President recognizes this, too, we suspect, and accepts them as artificial oddities which do not outweigh Dawes's undoubted ability. But we also feel that Mr. Hoover realizes rather more keenly than Mr. Dawes does that there has been altogether too much headline drama and not sufficient quiet common sense in our more recent relations with Great Britain.

We do know that the President deemed it wise to suggest to Ambassador Dawes that he slow up the machinery for disarmament which he and Ramsay MacDonald were setting in motion so zestfully a few weeks ago. The President seemed to fear that his impulsive representative and the idealistic Labor Premier would begin scrapping ships overnight, to the dismay of the Tories in Great Britain and Fred Britten and the big navyites in this country. We also hear, though we do not like to believe it, that some of Mr. Hoover's small-bore political advisers cautioned him against taking too large and prominent a part in the disarmament movement, lest failure mean a loss of political strength here. In any event, it was soon after the first Dawes-MacDonald love fests and premature talk of an immediate disarmament call that distress signals were hoisted over our State Department. Even more significant, to our mind, was the order that Ambassador Hugh Gibson should journey to London to give aid and advice to Mr. Dawes.

We do not mean to suggest that there was any rebuke to Ambassador Dawes. The President undoubtedly sympathizes with his desire for direct and straightforward action, but it is only natural for Mr. Hoover not to want to repeat the mistake made by Calvin Coolidge in calling the 1927 conference

W. J. Enright in the New York "World"

"Did the naughty old sun burn him?"

at Geneva. We have always suspected that Mr. Coolidge sought to turn America's thoughts toward disarmament in an effort to induce forgetfulness of pressing domestic problems. We recall that he first broached the idea of a new naval conference in the wake of disastrous G. O. P. reverses in the bye-elections of November, 1926. He spoke of it as carelessly as if he were discussing "economy." His announcement was news even to our own State Department, which had not been asked to initiate preliminary negotiations or discussions. The subsequent meeting at Geneva was, quite naturally, barren of results. Indeed, it served to create ill feeling between France and Great Britain and between those nations and the United States. The discord resulting from that ill-timed gesture threatens even the present movement.

Except for Ambassador Morrow, who ought to be made a sort of Ambassador-at-large, Mr. Hoover has a somewhat disorganized set of diplomats as the basis for reorganization of this important service. It is, we understand, his own fault that we had nobody at Paris during this period of strain and misunderstanding over payment of the $400,000,000 for army supplies purchased after the armistice.

It is unfortunate, to our mind, we have no Ambassador there now to woo and win French sensibilities as the late Myron T. Herrick was wont to do during the many difficulties which cropped up during the post-war period. Mr. Hoover, however, has not seen fit to fill this important post, although we are told that it was offered to Senator Walter E. Edge of New Jersey months ago and that he accepted. To our mind, there is no good reason why Edge should not have been nominated and confirmed immediately after inauguration. We understand, however, that practical domestic politics prevents such a happy arrangement. Should he quit the Senate before October 6, it would be necessary to hold a special election to fill the vacancy, and there is always the prospect that the winner might be one of those awful, anti-Administration Democrats. But if he hangs on until October 6, New Jersey law permits the Governor to name his successor. That, of course, will mean the selection of a Hoover Republican. We do not blame the Administration for scheming to safeguard its narrow majority in the Senate, but we do not like the idea of imperilling good relations with France in the process.

We think we note a good deal of domestic politics in Mr. Hoover's diplomatic appointments. Sending Dawes to London removed a presidential rival and made of him an ally. Once Mr. Edge reaches Paris, Mr. Hoover will have an easy task reorganizing the New Jersey G. O. P. with his friends in the seats of the mighty. By giving the Porto Rican post to Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Hoover hopes to annex the House of Longworth. Our latest report is that Dr. Hubert Work may be sent to Japan as evidence that Mr. Hoover does not forget old friends after the manner of Woodrow Wilson. We can understand why Mr. Hoover would like to answer this criticism, which we hear everywhere we go, but aren't there other ways of meeting this charge? We hope so.

A. F. C.

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Geography, Modern Style

An Editorial by Isaiah Bowman

AS a modern play reminds us, "Nature is old-fashioned." Does anyone believe that a new emotion or motive can be found by the dramatist? We like the new play because it cleverly reflects the life of a period and perhaps wisely directs current thought about it, but no one expects the critic to say: "Here's a greater than Shakespeare." The painter may employ a new technique, he may choose new types of subjects, but he does not hope to surpass the masters: at best he may become one of them. Taste and proficiency in art seem almost to have reached their limits. So great has been the past that genius is hard put to it to create a product as fine as existing models.

In fifty years of intense effort by the best men that could be found in the world the classic 100-yard dash has been run in three-quarters of a second less time. It looks as if a nine-second record probably represents the limit of human possibility. Like the horse, man has broken his speed records again and again but by margins so small that they are of technical interest only. An observer could not possibly detect the differences except with the aid of a split-second timepiece.

In at least two great fields it is not true that man has reached his limit. On the contrary, they have inspired the remark that "Man is the measure of his own universe." They are science and social organization. In both fields man is not merely creating something as great as the past—he is creating new things of which the past never dreamed. This he does not by the unaided eye and hand or the display of artistic judgment and skill but by the use of new instruments of power. He doesn't try to run faster but to make a machine that carries him faster. The submarine and the air-bubble helmet make him a fish; the airplane makes him a bird; the radio gives his electric voice a speed say a million times as great as it has in air. Man really doesn't know how far short of the stars he may go, but he knows he can travel rapidly toward them if he continues to develop power instruments.

Here's where modern geography comes in. Science speeds man's mastery over nature, and it is the purpose of geographical science to show man how he can use and possess this earth of his. The geographer today is engaged in what might be called "a conspiracy of frustration," to adopt a useful definition by Slosson: "The aim of science is to enable man to seize the forces of Nature so that he may frustrate the course of Nature." In the game of frustrating nature we find ourselves handicapped by the fact that we think in terms of subjects as learned in school.

As a matter of fact, man does not live history or geography or chemistry: he lives life and this is made up of cross-sections of experience of infinite variety. The result is that we care very much for the processes of living and far less for the component parts or categories of life than did the older generations. A geographer who seeks geographic influences as apart from all other kinds of influences is like a man who spends an hour scanning the floor of the British Museum looking for a lost overcoat button. It is antiquarian, particularistic, microscopic to look for a college and school "subject" in life. Subjects are the devices of the schoolmaster and the college administrator. To be sure there would be bedlam, not instruction, if you allowed the chemist to teach art, or the historian to teach physiology; but there may be worse bedlam if we do not synthesize our knowledge and relate it to the business and art of living. The regional synthesis of life is the geographer's first concern.

As we increase our command over the earth we either increase the population or increase our leisure time. The five-day week is on the verge of general acceptance in industry. This may mean leisure to rot. Leisure by and of itself is not a desirable social end. While we talk leisure, other and far denser populations breed up to new food capacities as fast as modern technique is imported to provide relief. The latest vital statistics from Egypt show that when you increase the output of cotton on the Nile delta by $10,00 you add one to the population: but you do not change the standard of living! Thus the cycle: more water, more cotton; more cotton, more people; more people, more demand for water; and so on. The same mud huts are there, the same coarse cotton tunics, cheap fare, toilsome days. Evidently science alone won't make better social conditions. Geographical science is no exception, unless we go back to an older thought: Gaia, "earth mother," is the root of the word geography. When we relate man and his social organization to the earth, and study his life processes as a unit, we get on. The heart of the subject is man in relation to the earth. The older geographies, with their locational element run wild, were better characterized by "Ubique" (everywhere) satirized by Kipling—

> "There's nothin' under 'eaven or 'ell
> Ubique doesn't mean."

But if related to life, how, and to what betterment of humanity? It is pleasant to learn about the quaint things other people do: these were the "curiosities" that filled the older books: a tribe of Arabs pasteurizes its goat milk by milking into a bucket containing hot stones; the Peruvian rug maker spills wine upon the earth "that the weaving may turn out well." But the larger plan of life is not composed merely of quaint and curious designs. It is a complicated thing that requires infinite study to understand or to better.

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. In his book "The New World," Dr. Bowman made himself known to many readers and gave them a vivid sense that geography is a subject of concern to them in their practical affairs, through his analysis of the peace settlement following the Great War. As Director of the American Geographical Society, he has actively advanced the principle here expressed—the employment of geographical science for the economic and social purposes of life today. He is one of the contributors to this weekly editorial page, whose views bear witness to the progress and tendency of thought in their various fields of special knowledge. The next contributor will be James T. Shotwell

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Germany's By-No-Means Dead Past

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

IT TOOK an American woman to show the world that Imperial Germany, with its reminders of medievalism, may be dead politically but is very much alive legally. The woman in question was, before marriage, Miss Leishman, daughter of an American pre-War Ambassador to Germany. In 1913 she was married to the Duke of Croy, a member of a most noble German family, from whom she was subsequently divorced.

The head of the Croy family recently went before the German courts for the purpose of proving that, because of the special privileges enjoyed by the Croy family at the time of the marriage, the former Miss Leishman and her two children were not legally entitled to any inheritance from the vast Croy property. The marriage, he argued, had been a "mesalliance," since the bride was a "commoner." According to the prerogatives enjoyed by the House of Croy, and recognized under the German Empire, this contention was entirely understandable, although, at the time of the marriage, neither the noble bridegroom nor any other member of the Croy family had said a word about the bride not being able to inherit any of its property on account of her not being of noble rank.

A GERMAN COURT, a few months ago, took the case solemnly under advisement—a court, it must be remembered, functioning in the German Republic which, since 1918, has existed on the ruins of the German Empire. After due deliberation, it handed down a decision upholding as valid the claim of the noble representative of the House of Croy.

Citing precedents running back two centuries, and quoting all sorts of learned comment from even remoter days, it ruled that the former Miss Leishman and her children were barred from inheritance, the marriage having taken place in 1913, before the collapse of Imperial Germany, at a time when the Croys enjoyed special privileges based on their extremely "blue blood." By the rules within the family for the governing of its affairs—duly sanctioned under German law—a marriage between a member of the family and a woman of the bourgeois class was indeed a "mesalliance," the court declared, upholding the family claim giving the wife no rights to inheritance either for herself or her children.

Ever since the handing down of the decision there has been heated talk and writing about it in Germany. Extreme Republicans, especially those of Socialistic leanings, are furiously denouncing it. The German courts, they say, are violently reactionary; their decisions, again and again, are such as to lead one to suppose that German judges are unaware that Wilhelm Hohenzollern was ever hurled from his throne, that there ever was such a thing as an Armistice. Did German judges go soundly to sleep in 1918, ask these citizens of the New Germany, and have they remained recumbent and snoring throughout the past decade despite the noisy advent of democracy in Germany?

On the other hand, German judges have good arguments in favor of plodding along in the old, old groove. To be effective, they argue, law must be a thing of continuity. Courts are no more entitled to change their methods because of a political upheaval than a man is entitled to repudiate his old debts.

If this be not so, why, then, do the vast majority of Germans and of the citizens of the rest of Europe and of the United States disapprove of the Russian Bolsheviki? In Russia, under the new régime, there is no respect for legal nor any other kind of precedent; in the eyes of the Soviets, legal procedure, as sanctioned by Romanoff Russia, is as dead as Czar Nicholas and the empire of which he was the head. In Bolshevik Russia nothing seems to count but today.

"SHALL IT BE thus in Germany, just because Germany has become a republic?" ask the German judges. And even the most rabid of German Republicans, even the most Socialistic of German Socialists, must needs pause a long time before venturing to commit himself by an affirmative answer to the question.

Therein lies the reason for court decisions like the one in the Croy case—on the face of it hopelessly antiquated, savoring of the days of the Holy Roman Empire, when Germany was not only legally but politically such a jumble of big and little states immersed in such a maze of local privileges, that the idea of German union in any form seemed the maddest of dreams. Bismarck succeeded in uniting Germany into the German Empire, which existed from 1871 to 1918, but the task was one which only a man of his iron determination and superlative brainpower could possibly hope to achieve.

EACH ONE of the many German states which gave up its independence, for the sake of German union, preserved, within the empire, as much of its local privileges as it could manage to save.

But, though they died politically, they lived on legally. Though Bismarck could obliterate boundaries and trample on all sorts of cherished local privileges, even he could not destroy the century-old structure of local laws. Nor could the collapse of the German Empire and the advent of the German Republic cause the burning of Germany's old law-books in German market-places. Her courts, by decisions like that in the case of the former Miss Leishman and the House of Croy, are jealously guarding the sanctity and continuity of German law.

Things may change in future. A few more such decisions may look so ludicrous in a land which, like Germany, is professedly democratic that up-to-date Germans may succeed in getting the laws revised and causing the idea that a person of "blue blood" has a different status before a court from a "commoner" to be thrown on the ash-heap of outworn prejudices. Perhaps the American wife of the noble scion of the House of Croy may go down in German legal history as instrumental in causing such a drastic revision, just as other Americans, living in earlier days, were instrumental in causing a drastic revision of the political arrangements under which people lived both in the New World and the Old.

In the meantime, however, it would seem as if the German courts intended to take precious good care to remind the world that, for them, there is no special significance attaching to the eleventh of November, 1918, and its democratizing consequences.

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The Return of the Native

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

It seems that America has a way of making Americans, unaided by Americanization programs. One of those ways is to let the immigrant revisit the country of his birth. Even a stupid immigration inspector, the author discovered, could not entirely dash his happiness in returning to the skyline of New York and the land of his adoption. Mr. Christowe is a frequent contributor to the magazines. He is now writing a novel

THE SKYLINE I had learned to love so well sank in the distance. I felt as if I were tearing myself away from my native shore and going to strange, unknown places. Yet I was on my way to the soil that gave me birth, to the Macedonian villa ambushed by mountains, forgotten by the world, which fifteen years before I had left for America.

"My son," said my father to me when we had reached the mountain divide where we parted, he for the village, I for America, "you must not stay long. Don't hunger for much! Remember the fable of the dog who leaped into the river after the bone which was but the reflection of the one he held between his jaws. Return to the village. Every flower grows best in its own soil."

Speaking as he did, my father must have felt that then and there he had lost his son to America. Like thousands of others, America took the Macedonian lad into her womb and gave him a new birth, with all the pain and torture that are the companions of birth. For there followed days of gestation, black toil in shops and factories and round-houses in St. Louis; in Montana and Wyoming girding the bosom of the prairies with a zone of steel; lonely, struggling, warring days. Then New York with its soul-crushing, nature-defying energy and indifference became the battlefield of the immigrant, who strove to root himself in the mighty city, to weave himself into its amazing pattern. The experiences of thousands of native youths seized with passion to plant the banner of victory in the terrific battleground of New York became also the experience of the new American who was born in Macedonia. America, at first indifferent, even scornful, at length takes to her bosom all that become imbued with her native spirit.

Fifteen years passed. The strange world into which I had come as an immigrant boy became my world, my country. And now as I clung to the railing and watched the receding shore, I felt as if I were leaving my own country, the only country I had ever known, and going to foreign, unfamiliar regions.

I traveled through many provinces in the Balkans. I had supposed that because I had changed, everything that I had left behind had changed with me. It was not so. Wherever I went, the people lived as they did when I left them. They still poked donkeys and oxen, swung scythes over heavy-grassed meadows, tilled the land with wooden plows hewed out of the crooked branches of beech trees, and at harvesting bowed before the stalks with their primitive sickles. It all seemed so strange and foreign to me. I could not make myself believe that I was born here. At times I had the feeling that I had dreamed of places and people like these. I still spoke their language, but they called me the American. Yet there was something incredible, maybe false, about the whole thing, about my being an American, about my being one of these people whose language I spoke but whose customs, manners, beliefs and attitudes were so unlike mine.

I TRAVELED from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, but I had not gone to see my native village. Nothing brought home to me more forcibly the irony, the farce of my Americanism, than this inability to visit my village, where my father still lived. The birth-soil in which I felt a stranger still had her claim on me. My American citizenship, I discovered, was good everywhere except in the place of my birth. And since no country but that to which I renounced allegiance in an American court could have any claim on me, it seemed rather ironic that that should be the only one to deny me recognition of my acquired American rights. I thought of myself as a sort of "bigamist of citizenship," since I willingly assumed obligations before one government without ridding myself of those I owed another. I could brag about my American citizenship so long as I kept away from Greece, of which I was last a subject before becoming an American citizen. Upon the instant, however, that I crossed into Greek territory my American citizenship became void and I reverted into a Greek subject. As such I faced the cheery propect of two years of compulsory military service.

It was while brooding over my approaching return to America without having seen my father and my native village that a cablegram from my paper in America asked if I would go down to Greek Macedonia to look over and describe in a series of articles the excavations of the ancient city of Olynthos conducted by Dr. David M. Robinson, head of the department of archaeology at Johns Hopkins University. I was about to write the Paris office of my paper and explain the legal complications which would mean two years of service for me in the army if I was caught in Greece, when it occurred to me that, due to certain peculiar circumstances, I might be able to fool the Greeks. Among other information which the passport contains is named the country in which he was born. Probably from patriotic motives —as I am not a Greek but a Bulgarian —I gave Macedonia as my birthplace to the passport clerk in Washington. Properly I should have given Greece, since Macedonia does not exist as a political entity and there are parts of it under Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and even Albania, as well as under Greece. This indifference, or ignorance, on the part of the State Department employees made it possible for me to comply with my paper's request, and at the same time see my birthplace, though not my father, and other kin. I could travel through Greece and claim that I was born in that district of Macedonia which falls within Bulgarian territory, there being a treaty between the latter country and the United States for the recognition, during a period of two years, of the citizenship of naturalized Americans who had been born on Bulgarian territory. A town in Bulgarian Macedonia therefore became my official birthplace and I wrote my paper that I was leaving Sofia for Salonika.

With visions of myself wearing the uniform of a Greek soldier, I arrived in Salonika, the Macedonian metropolis on the Ægean. I spent the entire first

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day walking through the streets alone, visiting places which I still remembered from my boyhood. I climbed the ruined fortress and looked at the city's panorama sweeping at my feet and curving about the Ægean. From this same height nearly two decades before, one could see the minarets of hundreds of mosques lifting their graceful forms above the jumble of low houses and the network of cobbled streets that twisted among them. Now there was not a single minaret to thrust its sharp apex toward Allah. The Greeks had knocked them all down. The Mohammedans emigrated to Turkey. Even the ten thousand Deunmeh, Israelites who had embraced the faith of Islam, had moved.

From this height above the city I could see a good part of Macedonia. To the south-east loomed the sacred forests of Mount Athos. Directly south, Olympus, the highest peak in the Balkan peninsula, lifted its snowy cap against the sky. And to the south-west, beyond the Vardar river, across marshes and fertile flatlands, my native mountains could be discerned, blue hazed in the horizon. I sat there on the rock, beset with thoughts. I felt like a tourist, like a visitor to these places, a stranger in my own country. I was alone. There seemed nothing in common between me and this soil, this life. It could not be that I was born here!

After a few days in Salonika I drove the short distance through the Kalameria in the direction of Mount Athos and located Professor Robinson. With the aid of some three hundred Greek refugees from Asia Minor, the American archaeologist was digging up the old city which Philip of Macedonia had destroyed twenty-three hundred years ago. On a promontory overlooking the Ægean, Professor Robinson had uncovered old Greek houses with bathtubs in them, temples with marble columns, vases, statuettes, inscriptions, coins and innumerable other objects of profound archaeological significance. He showed me sling stones with the name of Philip of Macedonia chiseled in relief upon them, and pointed out their larger size than that of the Olynthian stones. All these I noted and wrote in my correspondence with as much detachment and objectivity as if I were covering an assignment not in my own country but in another hemisphere.

My Olynthos task finished, I brooded for several more days in Salonika, gazing for hours in the direction of my village, unwilling to depart without seeing it, after having come so close to it. I mused over the possibility of buying a peasant costume and traveling as a native through the villages to come to my own; there to hide in the forests and at the first opportunity to slip into our house at night and see my father. But the dread of being discovered, with the resultant humiliation, after having been entertained in Salonika by officials and journalists and written up in the papers as an American correspondent, precluded the risking of such a venture.

Nevertheless, I was determined to see, if not my father, at least the places where I grew up. And to do so I decided to visit Albania, the route from Salonika to that country passing through the heart of my native mountains.

The whole distance from Salonika to Florina I hung to the window of my compartment and watched the unfolding native scenery. At the stations where the train stopped, I walked on the platforms, my eyes searching for familiar faces. But not a soul did I recognize, nor did I hear a single intelligible word. Greek was the universal tongue in these places, where less than two decades before Bulgarian was the dominant speech. Even the names of cities and villages had been changed. Vodena, which I recognized from its waterfalls and picturesque surroundings, had become Edessie; Ekshisou, Xynonero; Koukoush, Kilkis.

I got off at the Florina station, nearly sixteen years after I had boarded the train for America at that same station. Instead of my own people, an Albanian chauffeur, for whom the Albanian consul at Salonika had wired to Kortcha, waited there to drive me through my own village. We started immediately for Florina, which is some three miles from the railroad, at the foot of the mountain at whose top my father had pleaded with me not to stay too long in America. It was the market day in the city and peasants astride mules and horses, or seated cross-legged on rattling wooden carts drawn by oxen, were retracing their way to the villages scattered through the plain. They were crude-featured, rough-clad, earth-visaged peasants; and they bowed their heads and muttered the customary greeting in Greek to the important looking foreigner in the automobile. But they spoke their own tongue among themselves. And here for the first time in Macedonia I heard words of my native speech. Women, too, in coarse stockings, with feet shoved in *opinci* of ox-hide or pig-skin and heads wrapped in dark kerchiefs, goaded donkeys laden with provisions from the market place and cast timid glances toward the stranger.

In Florina I spent a brief hour looking over the city. Among the costumes I saw at the market place were those of my own village, from which I concluded that many of the faces might have been those of people I knew. My

Ewing Galloway

Marketing wool in Uskup, chief trade center in Macedonian Yugoslavia

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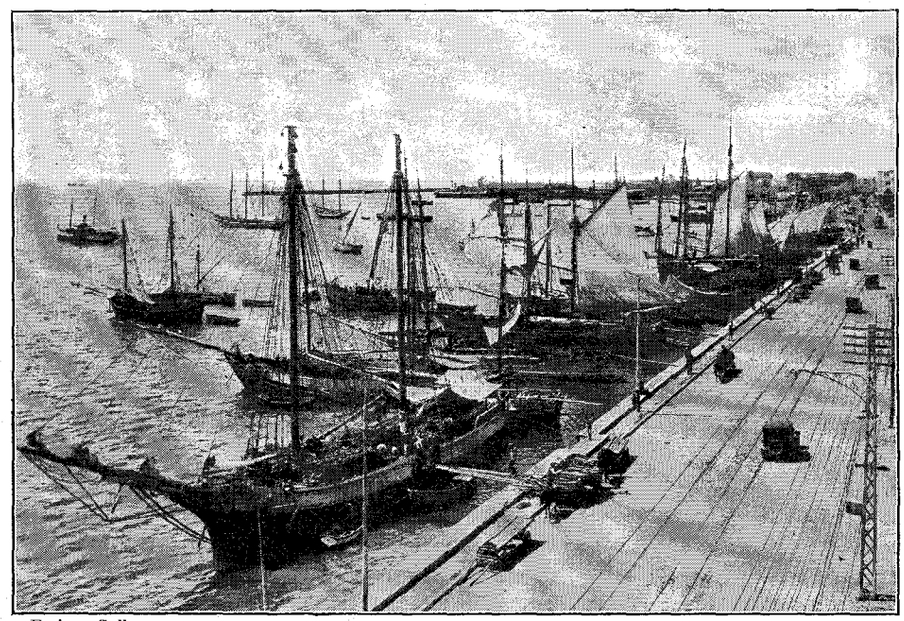
own father might have been there. And I mingled with them like a man from another world.

Into this city I had come as a boy to market and had been fascinated by its size, its buildings, its crowds and activity. I had spurred my donkey through its quaint quarters, looking timorously at blue-uniformed gendarmes and army officers whose sabers jingled on the flagstones. The city then frightened me and I kept close to my donkey for fear I might lose him. I did not feel safe till I had reached the inn, which was kept by a man from our own village.

That was twenty years before. The child that felt small and frightened in the big city had grown big, and the city that dazed him with its magnitude had dwindled into a miserable hovel. The streets that once took so long to traverse were mere alleys coiling amidst crouching adobe huts with slanting roofs and hanging doors. The mound that rose above the market place and seemed ever so high was but a heap of earth which now I could scale in two jumps. Horses, mules, oxen, water-buffalos, which in my boyhood seemed tremendous, looked no bigger than mountain goats. Everything had shrunk. Yet everything was the same as I had left it. Nothing had happened to the city. Everything had happened to me. I looked at the people, worried, woe-ridden, rubbed like the cobble stones to which they were chained; strange, unfamiliar people, whom I had vaguely remembered from books. The thought that I was born among them, of them, oppressed me. I feared that if I remained another minute something terrible might happen and I should never again be the same, never again see America.

I flung myself in the car and it rolled over the stone pavement, scaring the dogs that lay in the sun. Before I realized it, we began the difficult ascent of the mountain. Florina was at the foot of the hills, hidden from view by leafy trees, which rose above the houses like gigantic green umbrellas. Over roads that before the war were traversable only by sure-footed mules and donkeys, the motor groaned and purred. We passed Bigla, the mountain divide that separated our village from cities and civilizations. Every man that left the village for America had to pass this divide, until its height became symbolic of the New World, and little boys and girls believed that if they could climb to it, from there they could even see



Ewing Galloway

Salonika, the Macedonian metropolis on the Aegean

their fathers and brothers in America.

Through wooded hills and glens and grassy plateaus dotted by the villages I was so anxious to see, the car sped. Bedded in the bosoms of hollows or perched on the brows of verdant hills above the crashing Rulska river, Djelevo, Tirnovo, Oshtima, Besvina, Rulia and other hamlets slumbered calmly, as if nothing had happened to them in all the time that I had been away. The whitewashed churches reared their sad cupolas above the houses and here and there, in the small fenced gardens by the roadside in the meadows by the brooks, men and women, in costumes I had since thought abandoned, stopped from their tasks and straightened bent bodies to wave a cheery hand to the strange, lone passenger in the car.

I sat there entranced, the familiar world of boyhood flying backward with frightful speed. It did not seem real. It was like a chimera. Maybe I was not in the scenes of my childhood; maybe I was a stranger to these people who waved their hands to me as to a stranger. One moment I felt as if I had awakened from a long sleep for a fleeting glimpse of a familiar world; the next I felt as if I were traveling through places which I had read about in books. My heart turned to stone, my surging emotions blunted of their own sharpness, I felt no more a human being than a motor which carried me. If it had a heart, that motor, it would break down irreparably. It would refuse to bring a son to his father and not give him time to see him, force him indeed, to embrace long enough this small and isolated world that gave him birth. Insensible as its passenger, the motor roared with fury.

My own village was now not far from the road. I could jump from the senseless monster and scramble up the coiling path, which I had trod as a boy, knowing every rock and bush and tree by its side. Before I could smoke two cigarettes, the roof and windows of the house in which I was born would greet my eyes. The auto swished through hedged roads, leaped over wooden bridges, waded crystal brooks and plunged between columns of ripening wheat and barley. I scanned the faces of men and women that hobbled behind packed animals or looked up from their labors in the fields. But they seemed strange, foreign, those dusky, swarthy faces, colored by the earth which they faced from dawn till nightfall. They were faces I could never have known in my youth.

Some half a mile ahead of us, two men drove pack mules in our direction. I leaned to the side of the car and glued my eyes to the peasants. There were no other people visible now. These two would probably be the last I would see, since we neared the end of the valley; the river would turn south toward Kastoria to empty into the Ægean, while our road would ascend the rock-strewn hills of Albania.

When the motor brushed by the two peasants and they removed their caps to greet the foreigner, an involuntary

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cry issued from my being: "Sotir! Sotir!" I yelled.

The car stopped. The man whose name I called out stood planted like a tree in the middle of the road. A lone auto goes through his valley once a month. He has nothing in common with people riding in it. He only knows people that goad donkeys or walk with cudgels in their hands and bags over their shoulders. And here a man from a passing automobile suddenly calls out his name. He alone knows how it makes him feel.

"SOTIR!" I called out again when I ran back to him. But he was speechless, senseless, motionless. His once tall and straight figure was slightly stooped, his breast was bare and burned from the sun and the winds to the color of earth crust. He had aged twenty years in the ten years that I had not seen him. Yet I recognized him. I had parted with him in Wyoming, exactly ten years before, after a summer together as laborers on the Burlington tracks. I went to college with the money I had saved from my labor, he returned to the village. And this was how we met, he driving a slow-moving packed donkey, I riding in a swift automobile.

A sudden light illumined his deep-set eyes and his rigid face relaxed. As bends a tree before a blast of wind, his tall, angular body began to sway under the torrent of emotions. His trembling arms stretched out toward me, and he murmured: "It's you . . . my cousin Stoyan. . . . You must have dropped from the sky . . . "

"How's my father, Sotir?" were the first words I spoke to him. Sotir waited a while. He could not reply immediately. When he had sufficiently recovered from the excitement, he answered, "He is well. He is old now and of one eye he cannot see. But still can see you. Your sister Mara, whom you left in the cradle, has married, and your brother Vassil went to Australia. He could not come to America!"

"I cannot come to the village, Sotir," I said hurriedly, as if I were fleeing from something. I had lost reason and sense. I thought that if I had stayed another moment I would miss something and my whole life would end. It all seems so illogical, now as I think of it. "In twenty minutes I shall be in Albania, Sotir, and thence back to America. You must not tell my father I passed through here. He cannot understand. It will break his heart if he knew. Here, give him this money. Tell him I sent it in a letter from America!"

As I made to go, a gloomy cloud fell over my cousin. He became speechless again. Smitten with disappointment, wondering perhaps if it was true, if it was really I, his cousin Stoyan. There was something unreal. It was not humane, or human. Had I turned into a machine? Had I no soul, no heart, no feeling? Why did I have to go through here if I did not mean to stop long enough to see my father, my village, my relatives? And what if Sotir had not happened on the road, or if I had not recognized him? Would he have believed it then if someone had told him that I had passed through here?

I RAN to the car and it started. Sotir did not move from the spot. Now and then, as he watched the fading automobile he waved his arm half-heartedly, mechanically, as if the wind itself and not he made it move.

When the car scaled an elevation, that lifted in the middle of the road like a camel's back, and began to descend on the other side, I turned back for a last view of the small valley where I was born. In the distance, some three or four miles away, Sotir's tall figure was still discernible, chained to the spot where we left him, watching the car as it hid into the hills toward the boundary of Albania.

A year after I left America, "the skyline," like a colossal cathedral enclustered with numerous chapels and piled with steeples and cupolas, once again grew before my eyes. This immense confusion into which I had come sixteen years before with fright in my heart, now thrilled me and filled my being with the joy and heart-throb of homecoming. I had no home to go to; no one was waiting for me at the pier. But this was where I belonged; this was my country.

The boat stopped at quarantine and the immigration inspectors came aboard. They lined us up to examine our passports and stamp our entrance cards, which was all that was necessary. How different this from the ordeals of immigrant days in Ellis Island! I held my passport in my hand and was proud of it, though in the Balkans I often felt that the only privilege I derived from it was the ten-dollar fees which I had to pay some European countries.

The long line of passport holders moved on rapidly. No writing, no formalities; the inspectors looked at the passport, glanced at the passenger and stamped the card, silently, speedily. I was now before the inspection desk. The man in the brown uniform to who I handed the document looked at it. Hah! an outlandish name! Here was an immigrant who had become an American citizen for the privileges the citizenship offered; so he could visit his old country and return to America at will. He looked at me with eyes that had stared down to fright and humility many immigrants passing through Ellis Island.

"Well, how did *you* become a citizen?" he asked in a far from pleasing tone. As if one born in a foreign country could become an American citizen other than by naturalization. My fellow passengers who had listened with interest and sympathy to my narrative of the extraordinary incidents of my journeying through the Balkans, looked at me surprisingly, as if I had been telling lies, as if there had been something "phoney" about my American citizenship.

"Through naturalization!" I answered.

"Do you vote?" growled the man.

"Yes, I do!"

"Who is vice-president of the United States?" he questioned further.

I HAVE STUDIED the process and problems of Americanization and written articles on the subject and know well that this was beyond the realm of an immigration inspector, his task being, in my case, merely to ascertain my American citizenship, and the passport, according to a statement made by the Commissioner General of Immigration in a letter to me, was sufficient evidence to establish that fact. I answered his last question correctly, as, I think, I did the others.

"Well, you *ought* to know, he is from your home town," was his comment. He thereupon stamped my card and handed me my passport.

When I was on deck again, some fellow passengers clustered about me and wanted to know why I was stopped and questioned. I would make no reply and avoided them. I only wanted to be alone, to look at the "skyline," at the shore, at the stupendous statue in the harbor holding the torch in its uplifted arm.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

The Stormy Life of Mirabeau by HENRY DE JOUVENEL: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHY written after the manner of fiction as made popular by Ludwig and elegant by Maurois, has an excellent example in "The Stormy Life of Mirabeau." That is, the book is excellent as an example of where this sort of biographical writing may lead. Mirabeau is just the figure to tempt the modern biographer. His public career was a brave and honorable one; his private life, a scandal of the first order. After a study of his background, a tyro could attempt an analysis of his psychology. His parents were married sight unseen, from motives of ambition. His father was vain and tyrannical—and intellectual; his mother, an empty-headed ninny. The noisy incompatability of the parents, after deafening the children, resounded through the Paris law-courts. By the means of *lettres de cachet,* Mirabeau could be and was locked up by his father whenever he became unmanageable. His youth was a series of seductions. In the longest of his imprisonments, at Vincennes, for carrying off the wife of a friend, he wrote a couple of lewd books. But the *lettres de cachet* were actually the making of him. Inheriting from his father an interest in the rights of men and in political reform, his first important literary work was an attack upon them. From the moment of its appearance, his career ceased to be the focus of the beady eyes of gossips and became that of the piercing gaze of revolutionaries and statesmen. He was called Monsieur l'Ouragan, and he rode the whirlwind of the French Revolution until not the madness of his steed, which he might, had he lived, have tamed, but an act of fate unseated him. Accused by the more violent of his enemies of accepting the bribes of royalists, he has been cleared of that charge by time. He was a man of scrupulous public honesty, of great courage and force. Capable of using dubious means to gain noble ends, he never compromised with his beliefs. As an author, he was a brilliant adapter of other men's ideas, a speaker whose eloquence made the sober plans of others blaze like beacons. In personality, he offset the ugliness of his face and form by a charm which attracted love to him, and by a loyalty which held it.

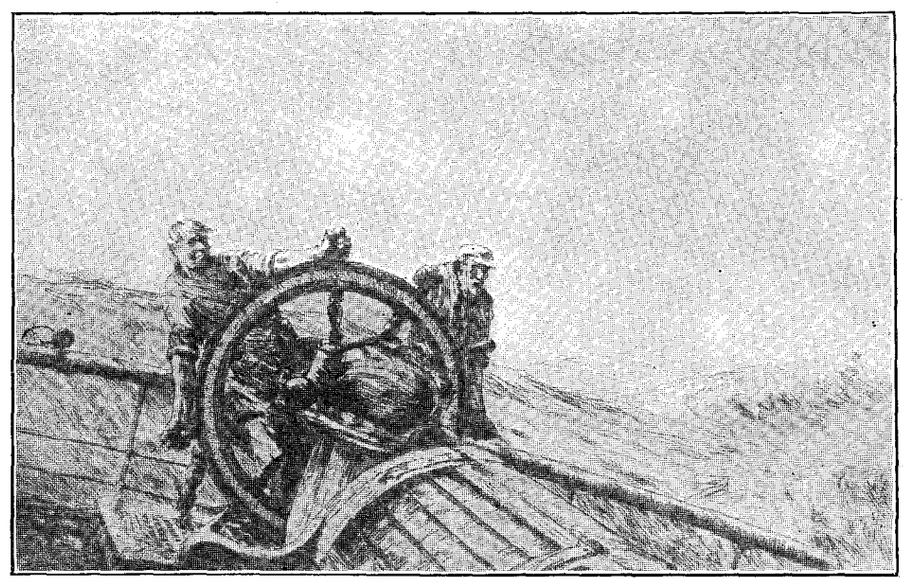
De Jouvenel's book is, to our way of thinking, a meretricious performance. True to his philosophy of biography, he devotes at least half his book to Mirabeau's early, lurid years. To a reading public entirely familiar with Mirabeau's life and with its importance in the history of his time, as the French public no doubt is, there may be sufficient factual detail in de Jouvenel's book to make it clear. But the majority of American readers will have to go as we did to the encyclopedia before being able to follow the chronology of the story. And having read about Mirabeau there, they will wonder why de Jouvenel didn't write about the really interesting things he might have found.

The Prophet's Wife by R. O. PROWSE: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Published July 12th.

READERS who look for an exciting plot will not find it in "The Prophet's Wife." This is a subtle and wise study in character conflict, admirably written. The theme is an old one—a woman married to a prophet and saint whose soul and whose teachings remain forever strange to her. The two characters are developed with great understanding. The prophet is always the artist. Vital, sincere, absorbed in his ideal, he neither understands nor needs the spiritual solace which the woman wants to give. He is ruthless, but without violence. He forsakes father and mother to follow the Christ in whom he believes. And his wife cannot touch him, either by tenderness or by cruelty. Her bitterness and her frustration are complete and when her husband sacrifices his life, at last, she has nothing left but vain regrets. The woman's character, although true to life, is not sympathetic. But in the character of John Hepworth, Mr. Prowse has done a very fine piece of work and has made a type which is hard enough to believe, even in fact, both comprehensible and living in fiction.

Family Group by DIANA PATRICK: Dutton. $2.50. Published July 12th.

DIANA PATRICK is interested in violent social contrasts and uses them again as the theme of her new novel. An adroit story teller, she holds the reader's interest by showing the effect of a sudden inheritance upon the lives of an English family of good blood and fallen fortunes. The Harlyn children, brought up in a drab English manufacturing



From "Fine Prints of the Year 1928" (Minton Balch)

THE WHEEL
Etching by Arthur Briscoe

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town, dreamed of castles in Spain. But the great fortune which came to them, unawaited, instead of making the dreams come true, turned them into nightmares. Irene, who loved and looked up to the owner's son when she was a shop girl, looked down on the son of a tradesman after she became a lady—but loved him still. Patrick, tempted to be a thief when he was poor, became a snob when he was rich, and it required the sacrifice of a better man to save him. Rosalind clung to the sweetness of dream even in the magnificence of actuality. And there are others, people who catch and hold the interest by their naturalness. There is nothing very novel about the development of the plot, and the moral is pretty obvious. But the story is told with such gusto, such good detail and dialogue, and such warmth that one can forgive its ingenuousness and enjoy its honest simplicity.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $5.00.

THOSE WHO already are acquainted with the work of D. H. Lawrence will find the two volumes of his "Collected Poems" interesting for the reason that they provide a record of intimate moods, typical of his writing. Read in chronological order, as they are arranged, these poems present a vivid picture of the development of a brooding temperament.

D. H. Lawrence, the poet, is analytical but not morbid. He has a sixth sense for the inevitable things in life, yet he neither pities man, the victim, nor waxes tragic in pondering over his many unfortunate situations. His moods are in a flux of confusion between the romantic illusion and the realistic fact. His poetry is typically modern in its intellectual motives and in its created impression of restlessness and instability. There is a characteristic inability either to blend successfully, or completely to dissociate thought and emotion. Poetry such as this (and much of it is being written) is of The Modern Temper; and, as a matter of fact, only a speculative study such as Mr. Krutch's could interpret accurately the obscure value of D. H. Lawrence's verse. To be appreciated fully it must be psychoanalyzed.

However, there are isolated moments of clarity, and from them may be estimated the general appeal of the collected poems. While adolescence marks much of the early work and schoolrooms, teachers, and pupils prove dull subjects in the middle period, widely separated successful efforts turn up from time to time. Many of the poems show a fondness for descriptive detail and a tendency toward imagery; some are a strange mixture of imagination, personal emotion, and abstract philosophy. "End of Another Home Holiday" is of this variety; and characteristic of the author, it is sometimes rhymed and sometimes free verse; there is the introduction of apparently irrelevant detail in an attempt to make the picture look real; and the interest arrested by the opening lines is allowed to dissolve in the closing ones. Lawrence's achievements are in impressions to be gained from a whole; almost never does he produce a happily-turned single phrase like "The world is a painted memory," the line of a reflective mood, called "Dreams Old and Nascent." Even momentary lyricism of this sort is rare. The River Isar almost inspires it; the love poems frequently strain to attain it, and fail.

In fact, there are only two poems in the entire collection which are important enough to reread: "Sunday Afternoon in Italy" and the first of two bearing the same title, "Embankment at Night, Before the War." The poetic temperament which is analytical but not morbid, and has a sense for tragic inevitability without being maudlin, is present in these two instances. Elsewhere D. H. Lawrence is too vague to be great; elsewhere he only approaches the poet he is capable of being. And as for the innumerable discourses on the all-inclusiveness of sex—Whitman is preferable.

J. DANA TASKER.

John Mitchell—Miner. By ELSIE GLUCK: John Day. $3.

"WHILE HE HAD originally been conservative because he had been very rapidly and suddenly thrust into situations which made him aware of their limitations and his own, he remained conservative because, like most of the miners of the day, he accepted the lingering American traditions." In that sentence from what is, as personal biography, the most interesting chapter of her excellent and entirely readable book, Elsie Glück marks the difference between labor in Mitchell's time and in ours. Her book is a valuable addition to American biography because of its painstaking presentation of material gathered almost entirely from such original sources as records and personal interviews, and illuminating as the story of a labor leader who was "a leader and not a boss."

Mitchell was a leader personally involved in his cause, as opposed to leaders intellectually involved only, such as are familiar to us today. Therein lay the sources of his strength and of his weakness. Passionately sincere, selfless, fair-minded, warmly sentimental, a fine speaker, finding "dignity and proper restraint" sometimes as "essential as courage and candor," a decent man who "expected to find the same quality in others," he was the inevitable object of suspicion on the part of more radical leaders and of attack from the unscrupulous and self-seeking. His character was of the type most readily

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington: Doubleday, Doran. A brilliant sketch of a common type, the little fool, stuffed with the cheap and nasty pastry of the tabloids and the movies and suffering from indigestion. Reviewed June 12.

The Black Camel, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill. Charlie Chan solves another terrifying mystery.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace and Co. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis' best book.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy, but doesn't amount to much as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

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misunderstood and for that reason his life, from a personal point of view, was a tragedy. Elsie Glück has handled the personal material with nice discretion. She attempts no passionate rebuttal of charges, absurd or insidious, against Mitchell but allows his character to speak for him, and the events of his career to tell their own tale of achievement. Mitchell's name will endure. He was, indeed, a "champion of labor and of human rights," as the inscription on his monument at Scranton describes him. Because he built his labor organization on collective agreements and fidelity to them, he built an organization that endures and that is one of the major bases of our economic strength. So his story, stirring and memorable, is "a useful lesson in leadership and democracy."

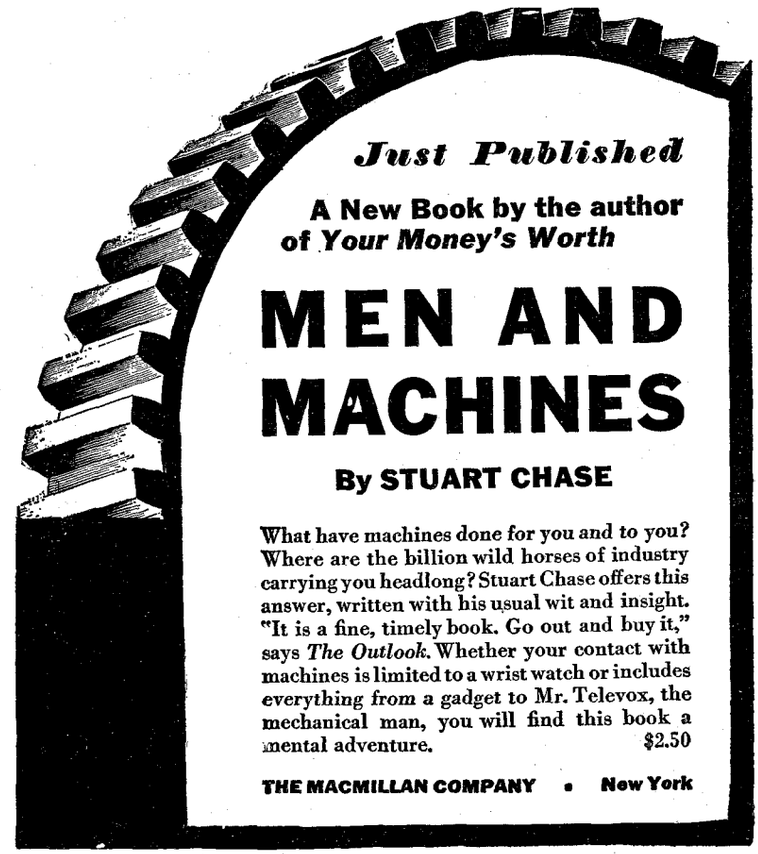
The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals. Edited by NEWTON ARVIN: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.

"THE Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" is an ideal volume for literary browsers. This new edition contains some material, not hitherto published, taken from the manuscript of the diaries in the possession of the Morgan library.

As those who are already familiar with Hawthorne as a diarist know, his daily jottings contain many of the germs of his famous romances. They contain, too, philosophical observations and delightful portrait studies of the men and women with whom he came in contact. The diaries cover Hawthorne's life at home and his years abroad. If we started quoting from them we should probably fill this issue of the Outlook and Independent before we stopped. A reader can open the volume at random and proceed backward or forward from that point without getting into any real desert country.

Growing Pains. By JOHN P. TOOHEY: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THE GROWING PAINS suffered by the Smith boy are of about the same intensity and located in the same places as those which so endeared the Baxter boy to the reading public some years ago. Indeed if Booth Tarkington had not made the preliminary examination and diagnosis probably John Toohey would not have found the disease so pleasant to discuss. But, anyway, his book is funny. Every one of the boy's adventures gave this not too easily amused reviewer at least one laugh, and the account of his efforts at creative work in the service of the lady of the moment is side-splitting. If you enjoy reading about the touching absurdities of adolescence, without the turgid comments offered by the analytical novelists, you will like this gay and truthful book.


Just Published
A New Book by the author of Your Money's Worth
MEN AND MACHINES
By STUART CHASE
What have machines done for you and to you? Where are the billion wild horses of industry carrying you headlong? Stuart Chase offers this answer, written with his usual wit and insight. "It is a fine, timely book. Go out and buy it," says The Outlook. Whether your contact with machines is limited to a wrist watch or includes everything from a gadget to Mr. Televox, the mechanical man, you will find this book a mental adventure. $2.50
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • New York

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Charles Pettit's
The Woman Who Commanded 500,000,000 Men
Liveright

The author of those pleasantly fantastic Chinoiseries, "The Son of the Grand Eunuch," and "The Elegant Infidelities of Madame Li Pei Fou," in this book gives us the history of the late Dowager Empress of China, entertainingly fictionized. Starting as one of the Imperial concubines, she rose, with the aid of the Grand Eunuch, to supreme power, which she wielded wisely and ruthlessly for something like half a century. There is a delicate irony in the author's treatment of his rather terrific heroine which should please you.

Charles Duff's
A Handbook on Hanging
Hale Cushman & Flint

A plea for the wider recognition of hanging as a fine art, and for a more appreciative attitude on the part of the public toward the hangman, together with a consideration of the finer points of the art and a discussion of various tricks of the trade. The Hangman's Ready Reckoner at the end should be of use to amateurs, who are usually concerned particularly with getting the job done as quickly as possible. Altogether a very clever satire on capital punishment which we should like to have all supporters of that institution read carefully.

Mary Buell Sayles
The Problem Child at Home
The Problem Child at School
Commonwealth Fund Publications

Don't be misled by the titles. These handy guides to knowledge of child psychology might better have been called "Problems of the Child at Home—in School." They deal with difficulties in adjustment and training which are so common that practically every father and mother have to meet them in some form. The individual instances cited offer useful hints for the solution of questions created by the emotional satisfactions that children and parents seek in each other, and in mistaken ideas concerning the nature and needs of children, heredity, sex, obligations and discipline. They trace the complications in which children become involved back to the attitudes on the part of parents or teachers which often are responsible and must be understood if any help is to be found. For "the problem child" at home or in school is usually the product of a Problem Adult.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

STUART CHASE will probably be somewhat surprised to be informed that his new book, now available, "Men and Machines" (Macmillan) is a religious book. Yet if religion has to do with man's reaction to the totality of things, with the all of life, then it inevitably must be concerned with the startling development of machinery in our modern world. It is machinery which at bottom is responsible for the amazing growth of our cities, the decline of the country church, the loosening of family ties and dozens of other changes of the last few decades. And the end is not yet. The first step toward a solution of the problems which machinery has forced upon us is to see that they are problems, to get the perspective of it all. "Men and Machines" does just that. It does it better than any other book we know. Chase knows his facts. He states them with clarity and power. The churchman who would wrestle with economic problems must look through Chase's eyes at these machines, these "billion horses" which we haven't yet learned how to ride.

If, as we have said, religion has to do with the all of life, it is not limited to religious rites and services. It is and must be concerned with human conduct, with morality. Concerning this there is today confusion, confounded. But now and then a really constructive book is offered. Such a one is "It's Not Our Fault" (Horace Liveright) by Alfred Lawrence Hall-Quest. The author surveys the field of human conduct from earliest times down to the present and in a popular, readable manner enables one to see the nature of the problem faced by modern society. To many of his judgments we would not assent but he sums up the contributions made to the problems of human misbehavior by religion, philosophy, law, social science and, those popular fields today, psychology and education. We may add that he is never dull. In this field vital personal religion has its place, a place by no means completely filled by the psychiatrist. Dr. Hall-Quest does not take sufficient note of this. But any study of these problems of human conduct cannot ignore the marked changes which have been effected in men and women who have believed in the indwelling Christ-like God. The modern movement in this field has come to be known as "Buchmanism" after its principal exponent, Frank Buchman. "New Lives for Old" by Amelia S. Reynolds (Revell) is the story of some of these amazing changes which have come to every-day folks, not men and women who were "down and out" but folks whose lives were messed up and ineffective. This book is a good introduction to this field of personal, redemptive religion which even in these ultra scientific days cannot be quite "laughed off."

A few months ago a young man arose in one of the well-known forums in New York and said: "I have been attacking churches and preachers for quite some time and so have many of you but I have just been reading some of the sermons of the leading preachers of today. I didn't know they were preaching like that." Too many people are judging the pulpit on the basis of twenty or thirty years ago. Merely for their own information they ought to read some of the collections of sermons of the men who are preaching today. "Voices of the Age" (Harper) is made up of representative sermons by some fifteen of the outstanding preachers of today. These particular preachers were chosen on the basis of a questionnaire sent to about a thousand ministers and educators. By a unique method the opinions of students were also secured. Read these sermons and see what the pulpit is in 1929 rather than depend upon your memory of what it was in 1899. It is significant that at least a third of them deal with war and economics. Here also there is the conviction that there is no subject which is foreign to religion. After one has read the fifteen sermons of these pulpit leaders, it is worth while to follow up by reading "The World's Miracle" by Karl Reiland (Henry Holt). Dr. Reiland is Rector of St. George's Church, New York, and he too is one of the great religious voices of our time. This book is a series of brief essays dealing with the perplexities of our time. Dr. Reiland has convictions. He states them clearly and with a winsomeness that sustains the attention. Particularly timely when society is coming at last to face the necessity of old age security is his little essay on "The Days of the Years."

If all problems are at bottom religious problems, then it is of tremendous importance that we know what our great religious teachers have had to say about them. Jesus is the authority for the Christian, but in these days of critical scholarship the average man does not know how much is fact and how much fiction in the generally accepted accounts of the Master. "The Rediscovery of Jesus" by Fred Merrifield (Holt) is a popular attempt to set forth the life of the Christ as modern scholarship sees it. The picture is that of a distinctly human Jesus but a peculiarly appealing one. It is that of a Jesus who can and does give us inspiration to face the tasks of today. Merrifield believes that Jesus will come into his own when the world learns how human and virile he really was. He believes that the world will enshrine him finally in the only temple he desired, the temple of men's hearts. To many the book will seem too rationalistic, especially when it deals with the resurrection, but it has the great merit of making this greatest of religious geniuses a living spirit rather than a dead statue. Merrifield too believes that nothing is to be excluded from the field of religion. He believes that the very kingdom Jesus sought is the kingdom of world understanding. To the religious soul there is deep satisfaction in the fact that so many writers of today are recognizing the universality and all-inclusiveness of religion.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Harvey O'Higgins' Detective Duff Unravels It Liveright

Something new and rather pleasing in the detective line is Mr. Duff, who with some knowledge of modern psychoanalytical methods, and with very little reliance on finger prints, bits of torn cloth and cigarette butts, solves eight cases for you in this book. He finds his clues in the complexes, dreams and suppressed desires of the criminals. The solution in each case is logical and inevitable. There is humor and subtlety in the handling—enough to go in a dozen detective stories of the usual kind. Highly recommended.

Gordon Daviot's The Man in the Queue Dutton

Without the padding this is a pretty good detective story, in which an unknown man, waiting in the queue at the theatre door, gets stuck with a dagger. Who he was, why he was murdered, how his finger prints got on the banknotes which some person unknown sent to defray the cost of his funeral—all this, with much more you will learn if you have the patience to wade and skip judiciously. A good yarn, smothered under an excess of description and incident which, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has nothing to do with the case.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE thing can be said for Earl Carroll's new revue "The Sketch Book." It is genuinely a dream of beautiful women come true. And in these days of bare-legged flappers, one piece bathing suits and gowns cut low in the neck, this is saying a good deal. Certainly more and more the old illusion of the universal beauty of the feminine form has been dispelled. "The Sketch Book," however, is a beautiful picture of what all women, physically, may some time be. For sheer beauty of face and line, it is the most ravishing spectacle we've ever witnessed.

Nor is this an accident. Mr. Carroll is a specialist in such things, and in the words of the old side show barker, he has "spared no expense" in finding beauty and giving it the proper background. To say nothing of the lesser lights, here are Miss Cleveland, Miss Toronto, Miss Broadway, Miss Boston, Miss Alabama and even Miss Universe. Just where Miss Universe differed from the others, we are unable to say, but we record the fact that she was there.

As for background, as all the world knows now, this is where Earl Carroll shines. Without any ifs or ands or buts, he is a genius of the first order in his perception of color, artistic effects, and the beauty of fabric and movement. After the usual run of Broadway shows, the costumes and lights and scenic effects of "The Sketch Book" are like a cool, refreshing glimpse of genuine art. Even repose and the restfulness of nature itself are in some of the scenes; showing forth in contrast to the mad efforts of the ordinary jazz producer to entertain and delight humanity. In fact, the whole "Sketch Book" is a series of paintings, unfortunately interspersed with vulgar jokes—and rather old ones at that!—dramatized each one with a boisterous climax put over in the most crude fashion of cheap burlesque; but with the paintings lingering in the memory.

It is a shame, in a way. For the paintings are worthy of the most delicate humor imaginable. They cry aloud for the kind of skits offered in the "Little Show" this year and approached in "The Grand Street Follies" of past seasons. One cannot help wishing for a partnership of Clifton Webb, Gertrude Lawrence and Earl Carroll.

We are assured by the talkie which opens the entertainment, showing Earl Carroll and Eddie Cantor on the screen, that Mr. Cantor wrote the book. If he did, the only thing we can say is that he has a good memory. So far as we are concerned, there isn't a new jest or a single ingenious, novel twist in any one of the dozen sketches by which the beautiful scenes of the revue are marred.

Only one approaches the slightest subtlety—the speakeasy scene in which the policeman on the beat enters the scene of revelry and reprimands one of the patrons for parking his car on 44th Street, and proceeds to read everybody, between drinks, a lesson on observance of the law; ending with taking away the patron's flask and going out in a halo of legal sanctity. This is genuinely funny. Otherwise, the ghost of Harold Atteridge and of the old Winter Garden shows seems to lurk in the quips and gags of Mr. Cantor's sketches, making up with noise and slaps for the banality of the ideas. Even the face slapping episode from "A Night in Venice" is present, only much weakened by its transplantation and offering only a feeble imitation of the side-splitting original.

There is an excellent jazz orchestra, garbed in artists' smocks and distinctly gaining thereby, except where the intellectual glasses of the pianist add a touch of incongruity.

As for the mechanical effects, we are assured by Mr. Carroll that he has spent much time on them and some of them are good.

In fact, for expert showmanship this revue would be hard to beat. Dreams of beauty float down from high hillsides, they enter from unexpected Gothic doorways, they emerge from under the footlights, never once repeating but offering always endless variety and surprises. Carroll uses his rehearsal much as a painter does his palette. Nobody else can get the effects he can—not even Florenz Ziegfeld.

If only he would secure for himself a specialist in humor who would counterbalance his absorption with beauty, he would be one of the greatest producers of any age.

Isn't "The Sketch Book" funny at all, then? Well, yes, it is—mainly because of Will Mahoney and his terrific struggle, when he dances, against the law of gravity; and partly because of the presence of several vaudeville teams, notably the three Sailors, who do their stuff regardless of any stage. If you find it funnier than we did—well and good. You will find it beautiful, anyway.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

"WHAT MAKES MEN Democrats is their desire to use the party to express their opinion." . . . "The business of the Republican Party is that of saving the country," writes Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in our next leading article. In "The Dilemma of the Democratic Party," Mrs. Blair analyzes the causes underlying the repeated defeats recently suffered by the Democrats, and traces the history of the Republican "Salvation Complex." We think you will find this a brilliant study of the psychology of American politics.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia University. In his editorial Professor Shotwell, a trustee of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, discusses the outlook in the field of international affairs. It is interesting to note that he thinks we are at the dawn of a new era of liberalism.

APPARENTLY THE Federal Government has made rumrunning in the immediate vicinity of Detroit more precarious than ever. Mr. F. L. Smith, Jr., a Detroit newspaper man, discovered, however, that he had only to move eighteen miles down the river to find things going full blast. In his article, "War on the River," in our next issue, Mr. Smith describes how he saw speedboats loading whisky in broad daylight. "It is," he writes "virtually an immense game of hide and seek played upon a hundred mile front."

WE HAVE ALL heard of the tremendous advances made by Germany in commercial aviation. In an article, "Icarus Incorporated," appearing next week, Mr. Frank Schoonmaker, author of numerous travel books, shows to what an extent passenger transportation has been developed there. Strangely enough Mr. Schoonmaker thinks that the Versailles treaty, which crippled Germany's military aviation, is largely responsible for her commercial superiority.

THE SECOND installment of Mr. Herbert Asbury's "The Background of a Crusader," which will appear next week, relates the story of Carry Nation's two marriages. We think that this account of her tragic love for her first husband and the subsequent hardships of her early married life with David Nation will soften the judgments of those who think of her only as an embattled hatchet.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

IF MOSQUITOES LURK in the tall grass around your cabin door, why not invest a dollar in a little hand scythe we know of, which folds up like a jackknife when not in use and can be adjusted to any angle for cutting? The blade is made up of old razor blades, and so when one section gets nicked, all you have to do is to slip in another blade. It makes a good sharp scythe, and has a special advantage in that it provides a use for, and a safe place to dispose of, your old blades. Indeed, the problem of old blades seems to us an increasingly serious one. In future ages our civilization will no doubt be chiefly identified by the immense deposits of old blades near all dwellings, just as those old lake dwellers—we think that's the name for them—whose life was apparently one long drawn out clam-bake—are identified by the heaps of fossil shells which they left behind them.

IF YOU'RE FOND of ice cream and have to crack the ice and turn the freezer yourself in order to get it, there is not only an electric freezer, but there is also an ice crusher which works with a hand crank, that will chew up big hunks of ice into freezer-size pieces quickly and efficiently.

FOR CHILDREN THERE'S a galvanized iron sand box, which, when you remove the sand, can be filled with water to make a miniature pond for floating toys. It is 42 inches square, stands on legs, and has a gaily colored umbrella, with elephants 'n' things on it, which shades it. There is also a very nice children's size outdoor hammock, with back and sides and a canopy above, all hung on a strong metal frame. Size—46 inches high, 40 inches long.

YOU CAN now send radiograms from New York, Boston and Washington, to San Francisco by the new radiotelegraph service recently inaugurated by RCA Communications. The rates are the same as those charged for regular telegrams. Through the photoradio service you can also send pictures, drawings, writing, printing, and similar matter.

NOW THAT razor blades have shrunk so that if you re-sharpen them they are too narrow to reach your whiskers if any, there seems to be only one possibility of giving them a little longer life. You *can* make them stay sharp longer by stropping them or better—by stropping and honing them. There are two strop-hones for the Gillette type blades which we have seen, both apparently efficient. The only difference being that one strops and hones at one time and with the other these operations are separate. A workable hone will do much to reduce the mortality of your blades.

IF YOU ARE all for indirect lighting in the home there is a thing called the Luminator which stands up sort of like an old-fashioned piano lamp, only it has an inverted shade at the top which throws the light against the ceiling and thence downward in a mellow glow on to yourself and possessions. It plugs in like any other lamp.

THE E. Z. GOFSKOR is the best device we have seen for keeping your golf score accurately and easily. It is the size and shape of a watch, and has in the dial nineteen windows, one which shows the score on each hole, and one to show the total score. It works simply, and should take a good deal of the strain not only off your memory, but off your honesty as well. We like everything about it but the name. Trade names are necessary, of course, for everything from carpet tacks to automobiles, but we are irritated by such combinations of descriptive misspelled words. If we should invent, say, a new and highly efficient sausage fryer, we'd prefer to call it in plain English Brooks's Sausage Fryer, rather than the E. Z. Dog-Fri or something like that.

The multiplicity of such foolish names in the advertisements we read fills us at last with an immense weariness. Having spent a number of years in trying to make friends with the English language, we are likely to be irritated when we see it wantonly tortured and insulted.

RONSON, who makes cigarette lighters, has turned out a small perfume sprayer which can be carried in a handbag. It looks exactly like a cigarette lighter, but when you press the plunger it shoots out a fine spray of perfume. We don't think this similarity in appearance is any advantage, however.

Suppose the lady fills her sprayer with lighter fluid by mistake, what then?

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

The People vs Mary Dugan

THE indubitably clever letter published below represents one lawyer's opinion (and his family's) of a motion picture that we thought was pretty hot. It was, and is, our contention, as a juryman of some experience, that "The Trial of Mary Dugan" presented the average criminal courtroom with considerable fidelity. We felt, and feel, that in those particulars wherein Mr. Bayard Veiller departed from exact legal procedure in the development of his action, he at least presented a legitimate and recognizable satire on criminal lawyers and their methods.

Our learned correspondent differs, as will be seen, and proceeds to point out the absurdities of Mr. Veiller's notions of courtroom etiquette in what we should call an able and amusing manner.

We leave it to readers who have seen "The Trial of Mary Dugan" on stage or screen, and who have ever heard a successful trial lawyer doing his stuff to decide between Mr. Veiller and Mr. Whitten.

Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Sir:

In the Outlook and Independent for June 19 you spoke with much favor of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." You went further, and praised the close-up showing the innocent heroine on the witness stand. Having then considerable respect for your judgment, I went to see this picture. Terrible!! TERRIBLE!!!!

This is the long-awaited Perfect Picture—one hundred per cent ham. Instead of a well constructed, realistic drama we saw sloppy melodrama of the worst kind. There was nothing lacking except Eliza crossing the ice just ahead of the hounds, little Eva ascending to heaven, or hard-hearted papa driving Mamie out into the blizzard.

The method was worse than the content, if possible. It seems to me that when a play assumes to deal with the technique of a specialized phase of life, such as a trial in court, it must reflect with approximate accuracy the lingo, technique, or whatever you want to call it, of that phase. Otherwise it is phoney and merely a fairytale. It not only fails to ring true but it fails to achieve the maximum effect. For example, if you went to see a picture which centered around an operation for appendicitis, and if at the big moment in the operating room you saw the world-famous surgeon attacking the *piece de resistance* with a garden hoe, you would regard this as so far removed from the actual way of doing the thing as to be meaningless. You wouldn't have to be a surgeon to get the point, either. Similarly, it takes no lawyer to realize the mediocrity of the trial scene in this picture. The ladies of my family grasped it, and they do not allow me to talk shop to them.

There was not a single clever or subtle thing said or done by any lawyer or any witness. Brother Jimmy and the district attorney were a pair of great little bellowers, but loud talking is more help in a hog-calling contest than in a courtroom. Outside of those superb lungs, neither of the boys had a thing, and the man who wrote the lines didn't help them out any. Did you ever see such heroics as those exhibited by baby brother? Making full allowance for the family connection, yet the kissing, squeezing, mooning and handshaking that went on with the sister-witness were both ridiculous and ineffective. They don't act that way in courtrooms. Nor do I believe prosecuting attorneys are in the habit of getting down within about three inches of the face of a witness and then, in a voice audible three miles away, giving the witness just a hell of a bawling out. It isn't allowed, and if it were, no one but a moron would try to win a case by doing it. You can't convince the trade that they are seeing a high-powered court scene when the principals perpetrate a series of imbecilities that laymen know do not occur when even very ordinary lawyers are trying an important matter.

I was intrigued by the way in which counsel kept the judge in his place. Whenever these superb barristers had an objection to make, they invariably addressed each other in mighty shouts, at the same time firmly turning their backs upon the court, who is supposed to decide such matters and to whom lawyers usually pay at least apparent deference. But he didn't get mad. He was one of those good-natured chaps who just refuses to be insulted.

Now about Miss Shearer's close-ups. Why have close-ups, anyhow? It has never been considered necessary on the stage to have any equivalent arrangement to heighten interest or focus attention on any particular character. And these close-ups were extra bad. How sick we did get of seeing Norma weep! Every time I woke up there she was just where we left her—in the middle of a good sob, generally accompanied by suitable gestures, grimaces, or eye-rolling. It looked and sounded like a funeral but it was neither sad nor impressive. She didn't even *cry* a good picture. It would have been a wonderful relief had she occasionally exhibited a slight touch of courage, or maybe even sparred with her harrassers. However, that might have been inconsistent with the pure, innocent and retiring character of one who sold out at sweet sixteen for a hundred bucks and who subsequently had done business with four (4) other cash customers on somewhat better terms. It just shows what a girl can do and still retain her maidenly bearing if her heart is in the right place.

J. C. Whitten

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Earth

THE road that ran past the farm merged with other roads, running to the sea—to prairies—cities—jungles. The little boy who watched them stared in fascination at the twisting lines of traveled earth. So many excitements waiting at the ends of all these roads! Why did any one stay in this spot?

Along these roads—hard and frozen in the short winters, rough with mud in the long springs—he saw the spattered cars of neighbors jouncing by, occasionally the careful progress of the stranger's car on a strange road, and for one quick beating summer—the dusty, sunlit march of soldiers.

That was the summer he left childhood behind him and became thirteen. When he felt bitterly that he had been born five years too late. If he had been eighteen that summer the roads which hemmed him in and marked the boundaries of his father's farm, would have meant escape—to adventure—excitement—life.

After that summer he watched the roads harder than ever, thinking about soldiers. He would be expected now to stay upon this farm that had been his grandfather's, that would belong to his grandchildren, to work the earth and sweat over it and in the end belong to it. There were days when he stared at it hating it, because of its need for him; other days when he loved it as part of himself, knowing that he would leave it if he could find the way.

As he grew older he did not know which angered him more—the need to go or the need to stay. The hunger for life, the hunger for home, were two animals tearing at him—two gods enjoining him. When he would be eighteen, he told himself fiercely, he would be grown up. He would know. He would decide.

When he was eighteen he remembered the marching soldiers. He found that he had never forgotten them. The war was over but still there were men in uniforms—guns—long marches to the sea. He went to the nearest town and joined the army. He stared once again out over fields of earth covered with green, roads of earth laid bare and burning beneath the sun; breathed the soft and listless air of summer, and found he was not done with it. He could not leave it, quite.

"You'll see!" he said to his father. "I shall make money some day. For the farm. When I come back I shall make it rich." And then, because he was choking with the struggle of his determination, he resolved "I shall not come back until I can make it rich."

Later he wrote it in his letters, for the farm reached out after him. It should not hold him again, he was resolved, until he was independent of it. When he had wrested what he wanted out of life, then he would take his fortune home. And the farm would be better off at last because he had left it.

For three years he was a soldier. Then, his enlistment being over, he struck out for himself in the big town. "When I am rich—" ran his letters home. "Not until I am rich—" He struggled with his old adversary.

Meantime he fought his way from one job to another until he reached the job of room clerk in a hotel. From behind his desk he stared at a moving world. At his future. There was a great deal of it, for he was only twenty-four. And then he stared one night into the small black center of an automatic—and knew that he had lost.

The three gunmen who had walked into the hotel and shot down the room clerk disappeared again into the city. The lifeless body of the boy from the country lay in a strange undertaking parlor. But a thousand miles away the farm moved. Far off the message traveled and the pastures and furrows reached out after him.

Along the rutted roads, inside a sombre vehicle there rode an empty coffin, and on the driver's seat, three men. The father and brother of the dead boy sat beside the driver, their eyes fixed steadily.

The clay reached up and embraced the moving wheels, spattered softly into a veil upon the windows, covered the dark trappings with the dusty gold of home. And to the side of the hurrying vehicle the earth clung steadily until it reached the town.

For a minute the city stopped and pointed. Earth from near a thousand miles away! On a mudstained village hearse that was to carry a boy back home, to his farm.

Little "Ads"

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Noble in Motive

(Continued from Page 451)

June he was driving with his family toward International Falls, another small border town, when two officers of the Border Patrol, a branch of the customs service, signaled him to stop. Perhaps he did not do so quickly enough, perhaps the agent again stumbled; whatever happened on that lonely road, Virkula was instantly killed by the slugs from the shotgun in the hands of one agent. His death naturally aroused the citizens of International Falls, who had suffered for weeks under the bullying of the agents who swarmed near the border. Their indignation reached a high point when it became apparent that the trial of the quick-shooting agent would almost certainly be transferred from State to Federal jurisdiction and that he would be defended by the Government. Virkula, these citizens pointed out, had been a respectable citizen. He could not have been driving fast since his car, which went into a ditch as the man slumped into death, did not overturn. Moreover, no liquor had been found. But Lowman issued a formal statement saying:

"It would appear from the reports that the newspaper accounts of the affair have been highly colored, to put it mildly. White (the agent who did the shooting) was acting within his authority under the law and has a perfect defense to the charges that have been made against him. If the local courts indict White, a motion will be made to transfer his case to the United States courts for trial. The Treasury Department has no intention of disarming customs patrolmen."

On what information Mr. Lowman bases his accusation that the newspaper versions were "highly colored, to put it mildly" is not yet clear. He has refused to make public any facts received from his men and admitted, when the correspondent of the United Press asked him to be more specific, that he had not read the account sent out by that press association. When the correspondent exhibited mild disgust, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury propelled him toward the door by his collar. He is becoming, one gathers, a little sick of the Virkula affair although he is still convinced of the upright veracity of the guard who did the killing. I asked him, at his office in Washington, whether he would not justify his attitude by making public the reports on which he based his statements. No, he would not do this "because no one will print my side of the matter." He intimated that Virkula was by no means a respectable citizen, but a confessed bootlegger. Two empty bottles were in the car, he said, and these might have contained liquor.

So much for Virkula. The most notorious of the killings, partly because it was among the first, took place a year ago. On May 6, 1928, Jacob Hanson, secretary of the Niagara Falls Elks Club, was driving alone at night when a rough-appearing man stepped in front of his head-lights and ordered him to stop. The man wore no uniform and Hanson, as he explained before he died, feared that he was being held up, and so hurried on. The stranger was, in fact, Coast Guardsman Dew, detailed to halt liquor smuggling. As Hanson plunged by, he drew his revolver and fired five shots, all of them wild. At the top of the hill, however, was his partner, one Jennings, who opened fire as the car approached, and sent a bullet through Hanson's head. The wounded man lingered four months and then died.

WHAT happened? Nothing, save heroic efforts on the part of the Federal Government to save the responsible guardsmen from punishment. First, their superior officer refused to surrender them to the police. Next, Jennings, who fired the shot, was indicted for manslaughter. Third, his case was transferred from the State to the Federal courts. Fourth, at the request of the United States Attorney's office, the trial was shifted to Elmira, the home of Mr. Lowman, on the theory that public indignation would not permit a fair trial in Buffalo. He was defended by a Federal attorney, and the trial ended in a disagreement. Then another trial was held at Rochester, and this resulted in acquittal. In other words, the Government used all the tricks of a high-priced criminal attorney, and so obtained freedom for the agent who had killed a citizen.

How does Lowman regard this affair? Some weeks ago, stung by charges that his men had killed dozens of unoffending Americans, he issued a report setting forth that but sixteen had been slain in the past fifteen months. Leaving out of the question his numerical accuracy, let us examine the Lowman version of this case. The report said:

> Jacob Hanson, shot May 6 near Lewiston, N. Y., died August 24. "Refused to submit to search and tried to run down officers."

Thus to the bureaucrat, bureaucracy is ever in the right. The State can do no wrong; or, at least, it can admit no error. Should it be clear that its agents have erred, let the facts be twisted. Mr. Lowman has forgotten, it would seem, the gloomy view of prohibition agents he held when first taking office. Then, he said that the service was rampant with "bribery" and that there were "many crooks and incompetents."

"They don't tell you to shoot," explains Louis H. Jacques, an agent who resigned from the service after a killing near Detroit, "but they might just as well, they say to stop them at any cost. Most of the agents are frightened when they go out on the job. They are imbued with the idea that they are going into battle. They want to keep their jobs and make a record, and they shoot to do it."

Jacques might have added that the agents can be fairly confident of a trial in the Federal courts; in other words, of privileges denied to members of any municipal police force. The city patrolman who kills an innocent man has an excellent chance of going to jail, but the prohibition agent can be defended by a Federal attorney, and can have his case transferred to jurisdictions far from the scene of the shooting. Professor Howard Lee McBain of Columbia University explains in his recent book, "Prohibition Legal and Illegal," why this is so. A law was enacted in 1833, he points out, which provided that any criminal or civil suit brought against a federal officer "on account of any act done under the color of his office," could be shifted to the Federal court.

This law was passed when South Carolina was attempting to nullify the customs laws by proceeding against Federal collectors. With the coming of prohibition, its friendly provisions were written into the Volstead Act. It is one of the details normally forgotten, but it is playing its part in the continued killings.

One can only conjecture regarding its effect upon the agents who are sent to make war on the bootleggers. Even Mr. Lowman, it will be recalled, once testified to the difficulty of getting first-class men for the work and told of a department in which "crooks and incompetents" abounded. Their trigger fingers, it is possible, may be loosened by the knowledge of this benevolent statute.

In a forthcoming issue

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

will tell why the Democratic Party has suffered defeat, in an article entitled

"The Dilemma of the Democratic Party"

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With Our Readers

On "This New Morality"

Biddeford, Maine

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

Within the last year I have become a subscriber to your paper and for some months I have been thinking that I should discontinue it as soon as my subscription expires. When I looked at the cigarette advertisement on the back cover of the June 12 issue and read the confession of the son of an Episcopal rector telling why he no longer attends church in the same number, my mind was made up.

I believe your policy is calculated to promote rather than remedy existing evils and that your boasted liberality and tolerance is only for those things in which you are interested. I detect no evidence of tolerance or fairmindedness in your attitude toward prohibition. Your news items, editorials and general articles on prohibition have been occasionally false, frequently misleading and nearly always prejudiced. Is it impossible for you to be fair on this question? Some months ago you published an article entitled, "This New Morality" of which any publication with the traditions and history of The Outlook ought to have been ashamed. The more suitable title for it would have been, "This New Immorality."

I have read every one of the so-called religious confessions and find nothing in them except the pathetic and sorrowful note which their authors strike now and then, indicating that they have lost their consciousness of God and all sense of personal relation to Him. Failure to attend church is generally only a symptom of something which is wrong in the inner life. Why not publish some confessions from men who have gone through similar experiences but came out of the alley of despair, doubt and unbelief and WHO ATTEND CHURCH. Some of your readers would welcome such a series and there are thousands competent to write them.

In short, Mr. Editor, though I have read your paper consistently for months I have never found anything in it which would lead any person to aspire to live a better life. Your sneers at all reformers, your subtle propaganda against prohibition and the general spirit and attitude of the paper are such that I shall discontinue my subscription for I will not countenance or support any publication which in my judgment tends to create a wrong attitude in the public mind on so many issues of major importance.

CLARENCE M. FOGG

The Tariff

Winthrop, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

The article on the tariff by H. K. Norton in The Outlook of June 12 has been a source of great interest and pleasure to me. A considerable number of years of experience in manufacturing companies has led me to believe that the points he puts forward so clearly are correct.

It is possible to go further in most cases and say that the tariff gives only temporary relief to an industry. In a very few years, after the expansion of the industry has ceased, unless new increases in tariff are made, the industry finds the same difficulty in earning dividends obtains in unprotected industries. This is just as true as the fact pointed out by Mr. Norton, that a protected industry pays the ruling rate of wages regardless of the amount of protection. The only things permanently changed by the tariff are the size of the industry, and the price of the product.

I hope that your magazine, and also Mr. Norton, will find various means to reiterate, with the greatest possible emphasis, this valuable lesson, so that a popular demand may be created to stop the increases in the cost of living caused by increases in the tariff. It has recently been proposed to change the tariff so as to make an increase in the cost of milk in some large cities, apparently regardless of the obvious effect on the health of the cities.

H. B. DWIGHT

Leisure and Education

Providence, Rhode Island

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I am glad to see the suggestive article entitled "Our Growing Leisure" by Dr. Lotka. If teaching is "causing others to think," then that article was certainly written by a teacher.

For obvious reasons my chief interest just now is in the way in which adults spend their leisure, after their most strenuous years are over. Many men and women who have acquired large leisure after the age of fifty seem to be as thoroughly lost as "babes in the wood," wandering from one puerile amusement to another, vainly seeking something that will give them the "thrill" and stimulus which they found in active business or persistent philanthropy and public service. The whole subject should be thought out very carefully, since leisure is bound to increase and, if we are not careful, *ennui* will increase with it.

W. H. P. FAUNCE

More Law Enforcement

United States Senate

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I am much interested in Mr. Evans' article on "The Sanctity of the Law."

It is true, of course, that our statute books are full of laws which we have outgrown or forgotten, or which owe their enactment to some impermanent phase of public opinion. Entirely aside from the purely philosophic issue involved, and with only passing reference to the clearly dangerous doctrine that men may choose the laws they are to obey and disregard all others, it is quite evident from the facts of history that law enforcement depends always on three major factors:

1—The wisdom or necessity of the law itself.

2—Effective penalties for infractions, impartially imposed.

3—The support of public opinion.

If a law is unwise and unsound, it will in time lose its validity.

If there is a need for it, the penalties must fit the offense to insure respect for its provisions.

If a law is not supported by public opinion—and this is the most important factor of all,—nullification follows almost as a matter of course, regardless of the assumed necessity or seeming wisdom of the statute at the time of its enactment.

There is one point in this connection, however,

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which is often overlooked: It is the habit of most men to regard their own opinions as those of the majority. Frequently they are wrong. It is well to remember, too, that minorities are noisier than majorities, and it does not necessarily follow that a law is bad or unpopular because its critics say it is, or that it will be nullified because a militant minority would like to nullify it.

D. A. REED

▶▶Stone Throwing and Real Estate

Spokane, Washington

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

May I refer to an article printed on page 130 of your issue of May 22nd?

There is a quotation from the Bible, the gist of which is: "Let him that hath not sinned cast the first stone." I do not know who Eudora Ramsay Richardson is, but he or she has certainly cast a load of "stones." The article gives one the impression of being merely gossip over a back fence and such might be written of any business or profession practiced in America. If there is any worthwhile moral or constructive criticism, in the pages of this sarcastic criticism, it is not apparent to the reader.

Surely, when selling magazines at such prices, you could afford to put forth something constructive, something worthwhile and of real benefit to the reader rather than knocking legitimate business that has developed through many years and, at the present time, is doing very much to give its members a further education in their respective specialties. I refer to the National Association of Real Estate Boards, a highly respected organization, and the state and city organizations which compose it.

I do not care to enter into any argument with you but merely wish to call to your attention that you have certainly lowered yourself in the estimation of one reader to a very low point.

FORD S. BARRETT, JR.

▶▶From a Spectator

San Diego, California

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

This note is merely a protest at the evident note of rancor in Mr. Reed's article in your last issue on the baseball situation. I claim that he is wrong inasmuch as many of the patrons of the game do not view it as a player but as what they are, a spectator. That they enjoy the skill and ease and grace employed by the player as well as the head work of the team captain or manager. It has been proved in baseball that an individual cannot star successfully for his team at someone else's expense. Witness Ty Cobb, one of the greatest players ever seen in action as an individual; but he could not realize that every one was not a Cobb.

Mr. Reed, in my opinion, lays entirely too much stress on the college angle. Baseball has never been supported by the college element or by the college graduate. This is precisely the reason why professional football is a failure, because it is a school game and the general public will not support it, as a spectacle. Yet they do support baseball nines all over the United States.

He says it is not the national game. Why not? Do industrial plants have football teams, golf teams, tennis teams, lacrosse teams, hockey teams or polo teams to the extent in which they indulge in baseball? Is not baseball almost entirely an American game? They say it came from an English game called rounders but having spent some time in England, I have yet to see this rounders. It is vastly superior to cricket, and is available to thousands who do not have the needful cash for tennis or golf or the social prestige to join a club.

I contend that baseball is the national game and while I have no figures for it, think that the attendance has increased rather than abated.

He says it is a dirty game and breeds poor sportsmanship. I have never played golf but do not think the caddy's score would always coincide with the score-card. I have never seen a football game run off without a disputed decision and while I have never seen lacrosse played, will venture to say there are umpires of some sort. Also hockey, soccer, polo, all have arbiters.

To sum up, I will concede that he may be right in his viewpoint as a college man (in everything except the charge of dirty sportsmanship, that I deny) but in the eyes of millions of unwashed wage-earners who make his colleges possible he is dead wrong.

FRED WINTERS C. M. M.

▶▶Generous

Clifton, New Jersey

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

SIR:

That is SOME article: "Why I No Longer Go To Church!" I got quite a kick out of it, as I rather think the writer of it did also. And I read it with much sympathy, being compelled to admit that some of the things our "Congenial Skeptic" said are all too true; only they don't apply to the Episcopal Church exclusively, by any means, but more or less to the whole Christian Church. Probably he lambasted the Episcopal Church particularly because he happened to be a member of it and, therefore, knew it better,—or thinks he does. However, in spite of your contributor's animadversions it is apparent, or seems to be, that "with all her faults" he "loves her still," even though he would not "make them all" his "own." And if one were not an Episcopalian, your writer says and suggests many things that might tempt one to exclaim "Almost thou persuadest me to be" an Episcopalian. I doubt very much that the author of "Why I No Longer Go To Church" would have all the fine qualities of mind and soul which I believe he has, had he not been born in and brought up in the Mother-Church of his race and family. To one that truly understands the Anglican Communion, there is no Christian religious body that is so truly Catholic, in the sense that there is none that to the same extent includes within her fold every variety and type of temper and disposition, of mind and of soul, as well as of ritualistic observance, that the broad empire of Christendom contains; or that so completely represents a cross-section of the Christian Church. This necessarily means that there will be faults as well as virtues, weakness as well as strength, all that human nature has to deplore as well as to boast of. The trouble with our "friend the enemy" is that he narrows the whole thing down to an individual point of view and to a personal experience. . . . Moreover, all the charges made in that article against the Church have been made again and again by those that still retain their place in her membership. Indeed, the writer of that article is himself, if I am not mistaken, still a member of the Church; he does not mention that he has ever been excommunicated; and I don't know that he would be even if he had signed his name to his article. . . . It is really well that articles like that should be written; they relieve overcharged feelings (the feelings of those that write them and of those that feel disposed to reply), and also sets the Church to thinking above and beyond and beneath the activities of the Ladies' Aid and even Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 a. m.

W. H. WATTS
Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Clifton, New Jersey

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The Background of a Crusader

(Continued from Page 447)

Queen Victoria. After six weeks of wearisome travel over dusty roads choked with refugees and migrating families from the border states, the Moores stopped in Grayson county, Texas, where George Moore bought a farm and started putting in a crop. But economic disaster still pursued him. Many of his horses and mules died before he could plant his cotton, and he had not recovered from this blow when an epidemic of typhoid fever swept through his people like a plague. Several slaves perished, and at one time ten persons, black and white, were ill. Utterly discouraged, George Moore freed his slaves, sold what property he could, and started back to Missouri. With his wife and children he now traveled in the single wagon that he had saved from the catastrophe; there were no horses to draw Mrs. Moore's fine carriage, so it was traded to a Grayson county storekeeper for bedding and provisions. En route to Missouri they were frequently stopped by both Northern and Southern troops and robbed by both. The Moores went to Kansas City, where George Moore obtained work and supported his family until the close of the war, when they returned to Cass County.

The only benefit that resulted from these wanderings was to Carry Nation's health. Perhaps because of the changes of climate and water, she returned from Texas cured of "consumption of the bowels," and thereafter experienced no more physical ailments than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. With her sickness cured and her health, physically at least, normal for the first time since she had left Kentucky, Carry Nation became pathetically eager for an education. But she was destined never to fulfill her ambition. She studied, whenever an opportunity offered; she read whatever books she could obtain, as well as her Bible, and when she was seventeen she spent several months in a boarding school at Liberty, Missouri. But she was summoned home by the serious illness of her mother, and never again, as a pupil, crossed the threshold of a schoolhouse. Mrs. Moore's condition, aggravated by the misfortunes of the Texas migration and the hardships of the war, had grown steadily worse, and she brooded constantly because she no longer possessed her handsome carriage. She was convinced that the loss of the equipage had compelled her to abdicate the throne of England. At length it became impossible for her to perform the ordinary duties of her household, and the entire burden was thrown upon the shoulders of her daughter, who thereafter cared for the sick woman and did the house work, cooking and washing for a large family.

Overwhelmed by these multitudinous tasks, and the realization that she would never acquire secular learning, but apparently was doomed to spend her life stooping over a cook stove or a wash tub, Carry Nation was driven into an intensive renewal of her religious habits, which she had somewhat relaxed during the excitement of the preceding few years. She became an ardent churchgoer and read the Bible with great zeal; but she was so embittered by the scurvy tricks that Fate had played upon her, and so mentally and emotionally turbulent, that sermons and prayer meetings, and even the Scriptures, gave her no relief. She shrewdly discerned and worried about the cant and hypocrisy which underlay the piety of many of her friends and neighbors, and presently, to her horror, infidelistic thoughts began to creep into her mind, and she often doubted whether the Bible was the work of God or man. Worse, "I did not love to read it, for it often seemed to be a contradiction." But she kept these impious reflections to herself, and wrestled with the problem without even the assistance of the minister, for she thought infidelity a disgrace if not a mortal sin. She forced herself to read the Bible, for she wanted desperately to believe it the Word of God. And, of course, she did so believe, after a period of almost incessant prayer and meditation, during which she thrust all improper thoughts from her mind. Thereafter the Bible was her sole guide and counselor, and so thorough was her knowledge of it that she could find within its pages divine authority for anything she undertook. But she did not possess a complete understanding of its mysteries until a few years before she began smashing saloons, when the Holy Ghost endowed her with a gift which she said the Lord had forbidden her to describe. But it made all things clear.

After she had emerged from her Slough of Despond, and had finally set her feet squarely and triumphantly upon the pathway to salvation, Carry Nation began the formation of her creed. In later years she developed a curious jumble of doctrine which combined features of almost every sect in Christendom, and she was therefore certain that whichever Christian church received the heavenly accolade when Gabriel blew his trump, she would pass safely through the Golden Gates. She subscribed to the Baptists' and Disciples' belief in baptism by immersion; she upheld the Arminian doctrine of the Methodists and also, curiously enough, the predestination tent of the Presbyterians; and from the Catholics she took the sign of the Cross, the crucifix, and the practice of abstaining from meat on Friday. But she found nothing good in Christian Science and Spiritualism. In both she saw the lying miracles of Satan, and the former she defined as "the presence of all lies, and the absence of all truth." Every night before Carry Nation retired she prayed and read the Bible, and she never offered her supplications except upon her knees. "I believe," she wrote, "in 'advancing on your knees.' Abraham prostrated himself, so did David and Solomon, Elijah, Daniel, Paul, and even our sinless Advocate. Why did the Holy Ghost state the position so often? For our example, of course There are no space writers in the Scriptures." So profoundly did she believe in this mode of progression that she followed it throughout her life, even more literally perhaps than the Holy Ghost intended. She frequently prayed in a corner of her room, and then, with bowed head, she walked on her knees to her bed, and crawled between the sheets without again arising to her feet.

(*To be Continued*)

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It Pays to Borrow

(Continued from Page 453)

ing productivity and a larger money income. Industrial America fairly shouts this to the rest of the world. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that if consumption credit, properly managed, raises the scale of the workers' wants, it may stimulate them to greater productivity and lead to permanent increase in their purchasing power, in spite of our mathematical demonstration that it will not do so.

When sellers and buyers are both endowed with a respectable degree of wisdom and prudence, installment selling may have desirable social results; if they lack these good qualities it will almost certainly lead to losses and poverty. The results so far of the more recent types of installment selling are sufficiently satisfactory to justify some revision of the traditional view of consumption credit.

Not every device, however, which has been employed in recent years for keeping our factories busy can be squared with this new conception of thrift. Today, as never before, manufacturers are relying on "forced obsolescence" as a means of maintaining volume output. Style is being overworked to make goods undesirable while they are still useful. Each year brings new models of motor cars and radio sets. Manufacturers of bathroom fixtures are seeking to banish the "hospital white," so much desired a short time ago, and to substitute tubs, basins and tiling of jade green, coral pink and even gayer hues. The snowy linen that was once the housewife's pride and joy is giving way to stuff in orchid; and stewpans, coffee pots and can openers now appear in the colorful kitchen in coats of carmine or ultramarine. Markets are thus created by new desires rather than by new needs. Some enthusiasts for the new order have gone so far as to attribute much of our recent prosperity to this training of consumers to demand new things before equally good old ones are worn out. They have a bad case. They are confusing prosperity with mere activity.

This artificially created obsolescence is in no sense consistent with either the old or the new ideas of thrift, and consumption credit, to the extent that it has been fostered by this practice, is without economic justification. A combination of wastefulness and borrowing may make the factories busier for a time, but it can bring no permanent increase to the country's wealth.

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